

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1879.

HISTORY. AND POLITICS.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

III.

IN my last paper I rather indicated, than fully explained, in what way I think it possible to save the study of English history from that plague of party-spirit which now afflicts it to such a degree as almost to annihilate its practical influence. This question is seldom discussed, and yet the immense importance of it must be felt by every practical teacher of history. Especially must it be felt by one who, like myself, connects in the closest manner history and politics. Others may find ways of evading the difficulty, as we often see it evaded. For how many there are who pass their lives in the study of history without ever drawing or wishing to draw from it any political lessons! They regard it simply as a mine of delightful and curious information about famous events and persons, and the study of it as one of the most intellectual of pastimes, feeding the imagination and enlarging the mental range. They can therefore easily avoid the thorny parts of the study. They are not obliged to arrive at a definite conclusion about every controversy or take a side in every party-conflict, but can enjoy the excitement of the struggle, and take a quiet pleasure in detecting the weaknesses and admiring the good qualities of both parties, as Walter Scott showed us the way to do

in his historical novels. This is quite possible so long as history is regarded merely as a branch of *belles lettres*, or, in education, merely as a means of nourishing the imagination and providing a stock of useful information. But it ceases to be possible when we transfer history from the ornamental to the practical studies, from the literary to the scientific side of education. And it is especially impossible when the particular science with which we try to connect it is not anthropology, under which head few of the questions debated among parties would fall to be discussed, but a political science or science of governments, to which almost all those questions necessarily belong.

It is only by throwing a direct light upon the questions which interest us most—and these are necessarily also the questions which divide us most—that history can become powerfully influential in education. It cannot be influential in the highest degree except as the key to politics, and it cannot be such a key if it declines to deal with the questions in which, as politicians, we take the greatest interest. Above all things it must not fear to draw the true moral from the past of our own country, and therefore it cannot decline to judge between the contending parties. It cannot regard Cavalier and Roundhead, Whig and Tory, Pittite and Foxite with equal tolerance, but is

bound to answer the question by which party in each case the true interest of England was best understood. By doing this with full impartial investigation it will make the past history of England a guide for its future policy, and therefore a source of solid instruction for the politician. If it declines to do this, it will leave English history in the condition in which it found it, that is, a confused legend, infinitely curious and amusing, but of no practical use, because capable of the most opposite interpretations.

Here then arises the difficulty. In order actually to learn our politics from English history must we not come to the study without political opinions? And it will not do merely to pretend to do this, as has so often been done both in religion and politics, when writers professing to seek instruction in history, have really only sought there for confirmation of their prejudices. And yet how can the student of politics, any more than the student of religion, be expected to show the quiet, impartial candour of the student of other subjects, or to be completely indifferent what results emerge from his investigations, provided only the investigation is accurately conducted. If he is at all advanced in life he is likely to have committed himself publicly to some political creed; if he is young his family are committed, and his teachers are unwilling to disturb the belief in which he has been educated. Thus as soon as we treat history seriously, and connect it with science rather than with *bel'es-lettres*, we are met with the same difficulty that encounters us in theology. If it is serious at all, then it is too serious. If anything can be proved by it, then dangerous and inconvenient things can be proved by it. And meanwhile, in order to study it in this spirit you must be content to give up all political earnestness, to suspend all activity in public life until you have obtained your results. Are we prepared to make ourselves political quietists, to

renounce that eager personal interest in the details of public questions which has hitherto distinguished this nation and been envied by other nations, from some fatal notion that our common-sense judgments are not scientific enough to be trustworthy? Are we ready to sacrifice our healthy political energy and zeal in the pursuit of scientific exactness?

To this question I might give one very simple and direct answer, which has indeed already been given by others. We really ought to be somewhat more quietistic than we are, to have less faith in the blind zeal which on all questions has a violent opinion ready, and thinks it cannot go far wrong under the guidance of honest intentions and unselfish views. Honest intentions will not supply the place of accurate knowledge. It is wholly a mistake to suppose that the vague, hasty impressions of honest men on large questions are pretty sure to be right in the main, and will only err in unimportant details. The errors and confusion into which well-intentioned men fall by applying to great public affairs their loose private notions of wisdom and justice, are not small, but enormous. If, indeed, there were no choice between forming such inadequate judgments and forming no judgments at all, we might tolerate the greatest errors rather than damp their zeal. But as we start from the possibility of instituting a system of political education, that is, from the possibility of enabling ordinary men to form a sound judgment in politics, we must assert the necessity of the same quietism in politics, that men practise in every other subject that they take up seriously. Men must take time and thought; they must prepare and qualify themselves before entering upon political action. Zeal without knowledge is as dangerous here as in other departments. It may be morally better to be zealous in politics even on the wrong side than to be indifferent about them, and yet the effect of such zeal may easily be worse

than the effect of indifference. Blind turbulent zeal may be a good commencement, because it may put off its blind turbulence with better instruction, but it is not a good symptom when it lasts long or becomes chronic. And our party-heats, of which so many are proud, as if they proved political energy, last too long. They show too little disposition to give place to a calmer form of energy. They are too much like those religious fervours of the seventeenth century, under the reign of which each contending zealot prided himself chiefly on his own unteachableness, so that on one occasion, as I remember, Oliver Cromwell himself, in reasoning with Scotch Presbyterianism, was provoked to the emphatic exclamation, "I beseech you in the bowels of Christ think it possible you may be mistaken!"

But apart from this general consideration, another answer may be given to the question how impartiality in history may be made consistent with political earnestness, an answer which was indicated slightly in the last paper. I shall try to show that those party differences of which we make so much, as though they were radical and fundamental, as though they resembled the eternal hostility of good and evil, and like that extended through all past time, are not really so serious, and that when they are looked at through a calmer medium than the atmosphere of controversy, they dwindle and appear narrowly limited in time as well as diminished in importance. I do not affect to slight their value in practical politics, or to propose a better system for carrying on parliamentary government. I only submit that they need not be allowed to hamper our studies, that we are not to confound political factions with philosophical schools, or to suppose that because they struggle with such ardour and carry on their strife so long, therefore they represent very great or profound principles. What we observe in religious parties may easily be true also of political

ones, viz., that there is no correspondence at all between the heat of the controversy and the importance of the question discussed. And when once we admit this possibility it will strike us that, considering the strong temptation either side in politics must feel to dignify its cause by inscribing the grandest possible principles on its banner, it would not be wonderful if an altogether delusive theory of parties had sprung up, giving dignity to quarrels really insignificant, and an imaginary unity to the desultory, disconnected parliamentary controversies of successive generations. It is certainly a current opinion among us that our party-war, which has been handed down through so many generations, is always substantially the same, though the particular questions discussed may differ, and even the names of the parties may alter. We think that Conservatives and Liberals might just as well be called Tories and Whigs, being certainly at issue on the same questions, and it scarcely occurs to us to imagine that even while the names continued the same the questions at issue might change repeatedly, and the Tories or Whigs of one time have really no resemblance to those of another. It is because we think thus that we find ourselves hampered both in studying and teaching our history. And yet, if we will consider it, this current opinion is only a theory, nay, a theory not by any means easy to verify. If it should be actually an illusion, if the appearances which support it should have been artificially contrived to gratify the vanity of the parties themselves, to feed their enthusiasm and so hold them together, then though after making the discovery we should feel for a time that English history had become more confused, more difficult to understand than before, yet we should also feel that it had been thrown open for study, that the conscience-clause might immediately be repealed, and that a general political education was made possible.

I referred to the extravagant doctrine

taught by Lord Stanhope, that between Queen Anne and William IV. the Whigs and Tories had actually exchanged their opinions, and I remarked that the facts he adduces are none the less interesting in themselves because they will not support such an incredible conclusion. I select one of them, which seems to me particularly well calculated to throw doubt on the current doctrine of the continuity of parties. The Tories of the present century have been in the main, whether for good or for evil, the war party of the country. Whether it has been from regard for the country's honour, as they would say, or from aggressiveness, as their opponents would say, this has been the character of the party since the beginning of the Revolutionary War. Now nothing can be more certain than that they had precisely the opposite character, and were pre-eminently the party of peace during the period between the English Revolution and the American War. The favourite charge against them in those days was that they made ignominious treaties of peace, just as in these days they are charged with making unnecessary wars. Compare the two great periods of war with France, which are so remarkably parallel to each other, that between 1688 and 1713, and that between 1793 and 1815. William III. and Marlborough correspond closely in the one period to William Pitt and Wellington in the other. The one is the steadfast statesman of the time of adverse fortune, the pilot that weathered the storm; the other is the victorious general of the season of final triumph. Now in both periods there was a pertinacious party which opposed these leaders, which preached peace and struggled hard to draw the country out of her foreign complications. As in the later period this peace-party was the Whigs, in the earlier it was the Tories.

In the later period the efforts of this peace-party were unsuccessful. The war was fought out to the end, and Wel-

lington's course of victory was not interrupted. It was otherwise in the time when the Tories were the peacemakers. They were far more successful. They succeeded in arresting the triumphant career of Marlborough. They broke up the Grand Alliance, they rescued France, and they made the Treaty of Utrecht. I am not now concerned with the merits of that treaty. It used to be spoken of as one of the great blots upon our history, though Macaulay, perhaps feeling how closely parallel had been the conduct of the Whigs in the later war to that of the party that made the Treaty of Utrecht, declares that on the main question involved in it the Tories were in the right and the Whigs in the wrong. Whether right or wrong, wise or unwise, the treaty is a signal proof that the Tories of that time were principally distinguished from the Whigs by their devotion to peace and their aversion to a grand and enterprising foreign policy.

Nor was this the mere effect of a passing grudge or of malice against the great general who had left them for the Whigs. For it happened that half-a-century later they had another opportunity of showing their fidelity to the principle of avoiding military complications on the Continent—that principle which, as the sturdy old Tory Johnson tells us, “has been held by all those who at any time have understood the true interest of England.” They had then been excluded from political power for two whole reigns, and during the time of their exclusion the Whig Walpole had gained, as I think, undeserved credit for having first drawn England into the paths of peace, when in fact he had only adopted the principles of the Treaty of Utrecht. At the moment when George III. came to the throne the days of Marlborough seemed to have returned. The elder Pitt was in his glory, and France was again sinking under the blows of her old rival. The minister had not forgotten the sudden reverse which overtook Marlborough in the moment of

his triumph. He was heard to say that he at least would never be responsible for another Treaty of Utrecht. And he kept his word, for he retired in time. But he could not save the country from another Treaty of Utrecht. We broke loose from our alliance with Frederick of Prussia not less abruptly than half a century before we had abandoned the Dutch and the Emperor. And how was this? It was because this was the moment of the return of the Tories to public life, and they lost no time in asserting their favourite principle. They tried to introduce into the young king's first speech the phrase "a bloody and expensive war."

Here surely is an example of the shifting nature of party principles which almost justifies Lord Stanhope in exclaiming, the Whigs have become Tories and the Tories Whigs. Is it possible then that in those days the Tories were like our modern industrialists who are terrified at the waste of wealth which war involves, or that they were a humanitarian party shocked at its horrors? No! on further inquiry we find indeed that they were just as far from modern Liberalism as from the opinions of those who at this day are called by their name, but on the other hand we are struck with the strangeness of their view and with its want of all relation to the politics of the present day. The old Tories had a horror of foreign wars because foreign wars demand a large standing army. And why did they object to a large standing army? Not so much because it costs money, not so much because it withdraws the population from industry, as because it was supposed to be dangerous to liberty. The king surrounded by his paid troops seemed to them like one of the military tyrants of antiquity. They feared that sooner or later he would use his military force against the constitution.

Now, of course, it is quite possible that a party may alter and even re-

verse its mere policy to suit the circumstances of a new time, and yet continue faithful to its old principles. But in this old-world doctrine of non-intervention what is there that reminds us even of the principles which, according to the current notion, constitute Toryism? For we expect to find the Tory on the side of authority against liberty, and less jealous at any rate than the Whigs of despotism. And yet in that age it was the Tory party that most anxiously guarded the country against those long wars which are favourable to the growth of an imperial authority.

Let me now give another example of the difference between those old parties and the parties which during the present century have borne their names. Who does not know that the Whigs are the champions of progress, of wise and temperate, but on that account, as they say, all the surer, progress? Thus Macaulay, when he replies with his usual triumphant vigour to that very doctrine of Lord Stanhope's which we have been considering, takes for granted that this is and always has been the character of the party. The Whigs, he says, are no doubt not what they were in Queen Anne's time; true, because they have advanced so much. And the Tories are now what the Whigs were then, because they too cannot help advancing in spite of themselves, and they have taken a century to overtake the Whigs. We see that this writer knows how to make not merely history but even the philosophy of history as wonderful as romance! But it seems that it has never occurred to him to doubt that the Whigs always were the party of progress. And now look back and turn over what remains on record of the Whiggism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, from the Exclusion Bill down to the French Revolution, and see how much you can find in it about progress. It would be rash to say that you will find nothing; the idea of human society as a thing in the course of development, was in

those days one which might be taken up here and there by a speculative head, and there was nothing to prevent a Whig from adopting it. But what you will certainly find is that in the main such an idea was then wholly foreign to the essential creeds of both parties alike. The men of those days still lived in the old way of thinking. They looked back with reverence to the past; they were disposed to think themselves inferior to their ancestors, and their great endeavour in politics, as in other departments, was not to degenerate, not to let the stream carry them back. They did not, therefore, aspire to create new institutions but were content to preserve ancient ones, and to save them from falling a prey to the usurpations of a tyrant. The efforts of the old Whigs were of this kind. Those liberties which they fought for so manfully were *ancient* liberties. They appealed to statutes so old that a modern lover of progress would almost feel that morally they must have lost their validity by lapse of time. Thus, in the middle of the seventeenth century they resisted Charles I. because he encroached on rights which had been guaranteed to Parliament three centuries before, although it was not questioned that a usage in many respects different had grown up under the Tudors. We all think that they were right, and yet a modern believer in progress would hardly have rested the claims of Parliament on the same ground. He would have said much less about ancient precedent, and insisted much more upon the actual mischievousness of the king's encroachments; he would have taken pains to show that the higher prerogative of the Tudors was no longer necessary or endurable, and that the ancient rights of Parliament were not merely ancient but deserved on their own account to be revived. For a believer in progress is disposed to think that what is quite ancient may probably be obsolete, and when he sees it superseded gradually by a different practice will be inclined

to think that the new practice deserves the preference as being likely to be better adapted to the new time. What party would now present a Petition of Right to restore a state of things which had existed under Elizabeth or James I. and had been allowed to fall into abeyance since? Yet such was the profound conservatism of the champions of liberty who resisted Charles I., and whom we often see described as the leaders of the party of progress!

And yet, as I said, in those intensely Conservative times there were individuals who had anticipated the modern idea of progress. There were some who looked forward rather than backward, some who have left words which remind us of the famous Saint Simonian *dictum*—that that golden age which the vain imagination of men has placed at an immeasurable distance in the past is really before us. Let us think of some of these exceptional men.

The first who will occur to our thoughts is Lord Bacon. His mind was indeed possessed with the idea of progress, so that he has been aptly compared to a Moses, who looks from the mountain-top upon a Promised Land awaiting his people, which he is never himself to tread. It is no doubt from science that Bacon expects most, and yet in his political writings the same eager imagination is to be traced. They exhibit precisely the temper so characteristic of modern continental reformers, that reckless precipitance which makes too light of difficulties, and, in order to introduce great improvements, treats the rights of individuals somewhat uncereemoniously. Another of these exceptional men was probably Strafford. What! you will say, the great enemy of liberty! Yes, but an enemy of liberty may easily be a friend of reform, only too easily, for authority is a much readier instrument of reform than liberty. Look at the great despots of the eighteenth century; look at Frederick the Great and the Em-

peror Joseph. Neither had any regard for liberty, and Joseph destroyed it wherever it lingered in his dominions. Yet both were indefatigable reformers, both were possessed with the idea of progress. And it rather appears that Strafford ought to be classed with these, that the love of innovation which ruined him was a sincere, however injudicious, desire for improvement and reform. This at least is the judgment of the latest, the best, and hitherto almost the only impartial historian, of the period, Mr. Gardiner. Mr. Gardiner heartily disapproves of Strafford's policy; he regards him as a mischievous statesman; but at the same time he insists that we must put him into the right class of mischievous statesmen, that is, among those who, like Joseph II., have trampled on liberty in their too precipitate zeal for reform. Here are his words:—"At the bottom," writes Mr. Gardiner, "his life's work was contention, not so much for the royal authority as for the supremacy of intellect. . . . He stood for the king to bring order out of disorder, discipline out of anarchy. . . . Wisdom, simply because it was wise, was to bind folly and slothfulness to its car, and to compel them to bear it swiftly onward on its triumphant path. He could not stoop to the slow and irregular *progress* which is all that can be expected when a nation guides its own course."

The third great Progressist of those times, whose name will occur to us, is Milton. He, too, looks onward. He sees glorious things which are yet to be, and indulges in prophecy. He is confident that the future will excel the past, and that those who cannot get on without a precedent, and murmur that "it was never yet seen in such a fashion," will some day learn that Providence is inventive and does not choose always to repeat itself.

Now of these three great Progressists none, to be sure, was ever in his lifetime called either Whig or Tory, for those names were first heard in English

politics a year or two after the youngest of the three, Milton, had left the scene. But all of them were engaged in party-conflicts which it is usual to regard as substantially the same as the conflict of Whigs and Tories. For in the fashionable view, the Roundheads and the followers of Eliot were virtually Whigs, the Cavaliers and followers of Strafford virtually Tories. This view regards without distinction the statesmen who represent the Court as the Tories, and those who in Parliament oppose the Court as the Whigs of their time. Observe, then, that two out of our three Progressists, Bacon and Strafford, would appear to have been not Whigs, but High Tories. Even the third, Milton, could not in the loosest classification be set down as a Whig. But even if he could, as no doubt the Whigs stood nearer to him than the Tories, still it would result that the doctrine of progress was in those days in no way peculiar to either of the two parties, that it was exceptional on both sides, but not at all more exceptional on one side than the other.

And as the Whigs of those times were not Progressists in theory, neither were they so in practice. This has been often admitted by those historians who have believed themselves to belong to their party. Certainly the two reigns of uninterrupted Whig government, those of George I. and George II., do not stand out in our history as a period of vigorous legislative reform. It was a prosperous period, because all great questions had been settled at the beginning of it, but politically it was a languid, inert period. When Walpole was humbly asked by the Dissenters when they might look forward to the removal of their disabilities, he replied, "Never!" and when the same minister appeared as a financial reformer, his scheme of an excise was opposed not less vehemently by the Whigs than the Tories. And for this the Whigs are not to be censured any more than the Tories as if they had forgotten their principles in the security of office. They had

forgotten no principles; so long as the Hanover settlement was safe, their consciences were at ease. To suppose that their name pledged them to a policy of continuous moderate reform is to associate with the name Whig notions which only became connected with it a century later.

Now this is a fundamental point. If the modern Whigs are Reformers, and the ancient Whigs were not, we may surely say that the two parties are fundamentally different, and any resemblances that can be shown between them must be of minor importance. Such resemblances no doubt can be pointed out; they are inevitable from the way in which our parties are propagated from generation to generation. For there is no solution of continuity, but a gradual process of modification conducted with regard to conventional decorum. They continue to be led by the same families, and they do their best to make the same watchwords serve them. But in spite of all such efforts these outward resemblances do not amount to much. Superficially, it is evident that parties are very unlike what they were. Our ancestors did not discuss Reform Bills; we do not quarrel over the dispensing power or the standing army. A substantial identity is all that can be—nay, all that usually is—claimed for them. The assumption commonly made is that there are such things as a Tory spirit and a Whig spirit, and that these are opposed to each other in the same way in every age. Now this is precisely what we find not to be the case. For that difference of spirit which we observe in the parties of the present day, namely, that the one looks forward and the other backward, that the one has faith in the future while the other seems afraid of it—this difference is not to be traced in the ancient parties, which seem both alike to cling to the past, and not to be familiar with the idea of progress.

As to the actual question which was agitated between those old parties, it

was evidently wholly different from that which is in issue between the parties of the present time—so different, that it is only by an unconscious mystification that any analogy can be established between them. I should myself go further, and say that the issue has been entirely changed several times in the course of our party-history. I should distinguish between the controversy of our own time and that of the reign of George III. before the French Revolution; again between the controversy of George III.'s time and that of the original Whigs and Tories from the Exclusion Bill to the accession of the House of Hanover; and again I should consider the controversy between Charles's parliaments and the party of Strafford and Laud to be radically different from that between the original Whigs and Tories. But to attempt to establish all this here would lead me too far. I will content myself with setting in opposition the present controversy, dating from the Reform Bill, and that of the original Whigs and Tories of the Revolution, which of all past party-controversies we know best because we have read of it in Macaulay.

Our generation then has lived in the midst of a controversy which has turned entirely on the question of reform. A great war occupying us for twenty years, at the very time when a great industrial revolution was going on at home, had created a cry for reform which may be compared with that which preceded in France the Revolution of 1789. The burden of debt and taxation and the throes of social transformation calling out on the one side for legislative change; on the other side the example of the French Revolution making all such change seem dangerous in the extreme—here was a violent opposition of feeling which led to a long party-controversy. "Is it safe to change ancient institutions?" this has been the question. "Perfectly safe!" some have answered;

"we need not think twice about it!" "Safe if you do it cautiously and gradually," say others. "Not safe, but yet in some cases inevitable," says a third party. "Wholly unsafe, and not to be thought of," says a fourth. Such is the debate we are all familiar with.

Now those who have lived all their lives in the midst of this controversy may no doubt easily fancy that it is a standing controversy wherever there have been political parties, and that our ancestors discussed it as pertinaciously and as perpetually as we do. That this was so seems proved by the fact that we talked of Whigs and Tories then and that we talk of Whigs and Tories now. And if you come to the study of the Stuart period with this preconception strong on your mind you may continue for a long time under the dominion of it. You find the ancient Tories at times speaking of the divine right of kings, and this reminds you of that sort of divine right of existing institutions which Conservatives seem sometimes to assert. On the other hand, the old Whigs discuss royal power in a rationalistic tone which resembles that of the modern Reformer when he argues for the removal of an old institution on the ground that it has ceased to be useful. But as you grow familiar with that old debate, and with the way of thinking of those who conducted it, you begin to think it a solecism in history, a confusion of two different phases of political consciousness, to identify it with the modern debate between Conservatives and Reformers. There was no question then of revising the institutions of the country, of putting each on its trial before the tribunal of reason. Both parties alike would have rejected such a thought with something like horror, for to both parties ancient institutions were almost equally sacred. Divine right might theoretically be maintained by Tory theorists and denied by their Whig opponents. But as in its strict form many Tories

rejected it, so in a wider sense many—perhaps most—Whigs practically accepted it. The Tory Bolingbroke ridicules it, and when at this day we denounce it, we commonly use the words of the Tory Pope, and speak of "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," of "the enormous faith of many made for one." On the other hand one may remark in Edmund Burke, that even in the days when he was the great light and philosopher of Whiggism, he accepts the doctrine of divine right as it has been held by modern Conservatives. One may say that he believes in the divine right of the constitution, though not of the king. He denies the right of human reason to discuss fundamental political institutions. He thinks them divine in the same sense that the family is divine. And therefore without consciously abandoning old Whiggism he founded modern Conservatism. "I know," he said, "that there is an order which is made for me, and I am made for it. I might as well desire another wife and other children."

I fancy too that when we read our modern notions into that old controversy we efface other highly characteristic notions which really influenced the men of that time. That theory of divine right which seems to us so superstitious, expressed, I take it, for many Tories a perfectly practical and rational conviction. I confess I do not find the Tories of William and Anne's time to have been the friends or tools of arbitrary power that Macaulay describes them. He seems to me to suppress the positive side of their creed, which, nevertheless, was highly important. It was, I take it, in one word, opposition to military imperialism. I have already dwelt upon the constant zeal with which they opposed a spirited foreign policy as being likely to lead to a large standing army. Now this is precisely of a piece with all the rest of their action, and it is not difficult to penetrate to the fundamental thought which actuates

them. The Whigs are rightly considered as the successors of the party that opposed Charles I. Now, in like manner, the Tories oppose the system of Cromwell. Both parties alike are the opponents of arbitrary power, but to the Tories it presents itself under the image of the Lord Protector. They are afraid of a military Emperor—for Cromwell was an Emperor. While the other party fears to see another Charles I., supported by his bishops and his judges, they are haunted by the dread of a new Oliver, propped firmly upon a standing army and religious toleration. It is to meet this danger that the whole Tory creed is framed. They see the new Oliver rising first in William III., then in Marlborough. They see him fomenting wars on the Continent in order to maintain his army, and leaning on the Dissenters at home in order to revive the old Cromwellian connexion. Their policy therefore is one of peace and intolerance—in one word, anti-Cromwellianism. This is why the Tories applauded Addison's *Cato* as much as the Whigs, and this is the point of the Tory Bolingbroke's celebrated *bon mot*, when in the name of the Tory party he presented the actor with fifty guineas for having so well defended the cause of liberty against a perpetual dictator. This, too, is the practical meaning of the theory of divine right. It means that you must cling to legitimism at all costs, because English experience has shown that there is no alternative but the rule of force, that is, the military dictator.

My space is exhausted before I have been able to do more than barely state my case. But I shall be content if I have made it conceivable how the serious study of history may

modify those party preconceptions in which most of us have been bred—if I have only made out a *prima facie* case for the opinion, which I cannot pretend here to establish, that the politics of this age are divided by a much greater gulf than is imagined from those of the old *régime* of Europe. Our modern politics took their rise in the French Revolution. It is easy, no doubt, to trace analogies between modern political controversies and the controversies of that old *régime*. But when we infer from such analogies that the change has only been apparent, and that the party-war is substantially the same that it always was, then, I say, we are radically mistaken. No, the resemblances are superficial, the differences are substantial. And still more is this remark applicable to older and remoter party-controversies. It is an unhistorical confusion, a false and shallow theory of history, concealing the true course of development, which imagines mankind as eternally debating the same question. And if this is so, you will see the consequence which follows from it. You will see that this truth throws open history to schools and universities, takes the interdict off it, and restores to it the place in education and culture to which it has a right. From the higher schools of education—where assuredly the hindrance is already little felt, for there the serious student soon sees these redoubtable party-disputes fade away and almost lose their meaning—a new tolerance, the result of wider views, may spread slowly downwards into popular education, until at last it may become possible for English people to draw some useful instruction from the history of their country.

J. R. SEELEY.

To be continued.

"HAWORTH'S."

CHAPTER LII.

"HAWORTH'S IS DONE WITH."

ALMOST at the same moment, Haworth was reading in his room at the Works the letter which had been left for himself.

"I have borne as much as I can bear," it ended. "My punishment for my folly is that I am a ruined man and a fugitive. My presence upon the scene, when the climax comes, would be of no benefit to either of us. Pardon me, if you can, for the wrong I have unintentionally done you. My ill-luck was sheerly the result of circumstances. Even yet, I cannot help thinking that there were great possibilities in my plans. But you will not believe this, and I will say no more.

"In haste,
"FFRENCH."

When Rachel Ffrench had finished reading her note, she had lighted a taper and held the paper to it until it was reduced to ashes, and had afterward turned away merely a shade paler and colder than before. Haworth having finished the reading of Ffrench's letter, sat for a few seconds staring down at it as it lay before him on the table. Then he burst into a brutal laugh.

After that, he sat stupefied—his elbows on the table, his head on his hands. He did not move for half an hour.

The Works saw very little of him during the day. He remained alone in his room, not showing himself, and one of the head clerks, coming in from the bank on business, went back mystified, and remarked in confidence to

a companion, that "things had a queer look."

He did not leave the Works until late, and then went home. All through the evening his mother watched him in her old tender way. She tried to interest him with her history of the Briarleys' bereavement and unexpected good fortune. She shed tears over her recital.

"So old, my dear," she said; "old enough to have outlived her own—an' her ways a little hard," wiping her eyes. "I'd like to be grieved for more, Jem—though perhaps it's only nat'ral as it should be so. She hadn't no son to miss her as you'll miss me. I shouldn't like to be the last, Jem."

He had been listening mechanically and he started and turned to her.

"The last?" he said. "Aye, it's a bit hard."

It was as if she had suggested a new thought to him of which he could not rid himself at once. He kept looking at her, his eyes wandering over her frail little figure and innocent old face restlessly.

"But I haven't no fear," she went on, "though we never know what's to come. But you're a strong man, and there's not like to be many more years for me—though I'm so well an' happy."

"You might live a score," he answered in an abstracted way, his eyes still fixed on her.

"Not without you," she returned. "It's you that's life to me—an' strength—an' peace." The innocent tears were in her voice again, and her eyes were bright with them.

He lay down a while but could not lie still. He got up and came and stood near her and talked, and then

moved here and there, picking up one thing and another, holding them idly for a few seconds and then setting them aside. At last she was going to bed and came to bid him good-night. He laid his hand on her shoulder caressingly.

"There's never been aught like trouble between us two," he said. "I've been a quiet enough chap, and different somehow—when I've been nigh you. What I've done, I've done for your sake and for the best."

In the morning the Works were closed, the doors of the bank remained unopened, and the news spread like wildfire from house to house and from street to street and beyond the limits of the town—until before noon it was known through the whole country side that Ffrench had fled and Jem Haworth was a ruined man.

It reached the public ear in the first instance in the ordinary commonplace manner through the individuals who had suddenly descended upon the place to take possession. A great crowd gathered about the closed gates and murmured and stared and anathematized.

"Theer's been summat up for mony a month," said one sage. "I've seed it. He wur na hissen, wur na Haworth."

"Nay," said another, "that he wur na. Th' chap has na been o' a decent spree sin' Ffrench coom."

"Happen," added a third, "*that* wur what started him on th' road downhill. A chap is na good fur much as has na reg'lar habits."

"Aye, an' Haworth wur reg'lar enow when he set up. Good Lord! who'd ha' thowt o' that chap i' bank-rup'cy!"

At the outset the feeling manifested was not unamiable to Haworth, but it was not very long before the closing of the bank dawned upon the public in a new light. It meant loss and ruin. The first man who roused the tumult was a burly farmer, who dashed into

the town on a sweating horse, spurring it as he rode and wearing a red and furious face. He left his horse at an inn, and came down to the bank, booted and spurred, and whip in hand.

"Wheer's Ffrench?" he shouted to the smaller crowd attracted there, and whose views as to the ultimate settlement of things were extremely vague. "Wheer's Ffrench an' wheer's Haworth?"

Half a dozen voices volunteered information regarding Ffrench, but no one knew anything of Haworth. He might be in a dozen places, but no one had yet seen him or heard of his whereabouts. The man began to push his way toward the building, swearing hotly. He mounted the steps and struck violently on the door with his whip.

"I'll mak' him hear if he's shut hissen i' here," he cried. "Th' shifty villain's got ivvery shillin' o' brass I've been savin' for my little wench for th' last ten year. I'll ha' it back, if it's to be gotten."

"Tha'lt ne'er see it again," shouted a voice in the crowd. "Tha'dst better ha' stuck to th' owd stockin', lad."

Then the uproar began. One luckless depositor after another was added to the crowd. They might easily be known among the rest by their pale faces. Some of them were stunned into silence, but the greater portion of them were loud and passionate in their outcry. A few women hung on the outskirts, wiping their eyes every now and then with their aprons, and sometimes bursting into audible fits of weeping.

"I've been goin' out charrin' for four year," said one, "to buy silks and satins fur th' gentry. Yo' niver seed *her* i' owt else."

And all knew whom they meant, and joined in their shouts of rage.

Sometimes it was Ffrench against whom their anger was most violent—Ffrench, who had been born among them a gentleman, and who should

have been gentleman enough not to plunder and deceive them. And again it was Haworth—Haworth, who had lived as hard as any of them and knew what their poverty was, and should have done fairly by them, if ever man should.

In the course of the afternoon Murdoch, gathering no news of Haworth elsewhere, went to his house. A panic-stricken servant let him in and led him into the great room where he had spent his first evening long ago.

Despite its splendour, it looked empty and lifeless, but when he entered, there rose from a carved and satin upholstered chair in one corner a little old figure in a black dress—Jem Haworth's mother, who came to him with a white but calm face.

"Sir," were her greeting words, "where is he?"

"I came to see him," he answered, "I thought——"

"No," she interrupted, "he is not here. He has not been here since morning."

She began to tremble, but she shed no tears.

"There's been a good many to ask for him," she went on. "Gentlemen, an' them as was rough, an' didn't mind me bein' a woman an' old. They were harder than you'd think, an'—troubled as I've been, I was glad he was not here to see 'em. But I'd be more comfortable if I could rightly understand."

"I can only tell you what I know," he said. "It isn't much. I have only gathered it from people on the streets."

He led her back to her chair, and did not loosen his light grasp on her hand while he told her the story as he had heard it. His own mood was so subdued that it was easier than he had thought to use words which would lighten the first weight of the blow.

She asked no questions after his explanation was over.

"He's a poor man," she said at last,

"—a poor man, but—we was poor before."

Suddenly her tears burst forth.

"They've said hard things to me to-day," she cried. "I don't believe 'em, Jem, my dear—now less than ever."

He comforted her as best he could. He could easily understand what they had told her, how much of the truth and how much of angry falsehood.

"When he comes back," she said, "I shall be here to meet him. Wherever he is, an' however much he's broke down with trouble, he knows that. He'll come here to-night, an' I shall be here."

Before he went away he asked if he might send Christian or his mother to her. But though she thanked him, she refused.

"I know how good they be," she said, "an' what a comfort in the lonesomeness, but when he comes he'll want to be alone, an' a unfamiliar face might trouble him."

But he did not come back. The day went on, and the excitement increased and waned by turns. The crowd grew and surged about the bank and shouted itself hoarse, and would have broken a few windows if it had not been restrained by the police force, who appeared upon the field; and there were yells for Haworth and for Ffrench, but by this time Mr. French had reached Rotterdam, and Haworth was—no one knew where, since he had not been seen at all. And when at length dusk fell upon the town, the crowd had dwindled away and gone home by ones and twos, and in Jem Haworth's house sat his mother, watching and waiting, and straining her ears to catch every passing sound.

She had kept up her courage bravely through the first part of the day, but the strangers who came one after the other, and sometimes even two or three together, to demand her son with loud words and denunciations, and even threats, were a sore trial to her. Some of them flung their evil stories

at her without remorse, taking it for granted that they were nothing new to her ears, and even those who had some compunction muttered among themselves and hinted angrily at what the others spoke outright. Her strength began to give way, and she quailed and trembled before them, but she never let their words pass without a desperate effort to defend her boy. Then they stared or laughed at her, or went away in sullen silence, and she was left to struggle with her grief and terror alone until some new call was made upon her, and she must bear all again. When the twilight came she was still alone, and sat in the darkened room battling against a dread which had crept slowly upon her. Of all those who had come none had known where he was. They did not know in the town, and he had not come back.

"He might go," she whispered, "but he'd not go without me. He's been true and fond of his mother, let them say what they will. He'd never leave me alone."

Her thoughts went back over the long years from his birth to the day of his highest success. She remembered how he had fought with fate, and made his way and refused to be conquered. She thought of the wealth he had won, the power, the popularity, and of his boast that he had never been beaten, and she began to sob in the shadow of her corner.

"He's lost it all," she cried. "An' he won it with his own hands an' worked for it an' bore up agen a world! An' it's gone!"

It was when she came to this point that her terror seized on her as it had never done before. She got up shaking in every limb.

"I'll go to him myself," she said. "Who should go to him but his mother? Who should find him an' be a help to him if I can't? Jem—Jem, my dear, it's me that's comin' to you—me!"

He had been sitting in a small back

office in the Bank all through the day when they had been calling and searching for him. He had got in early and locked the door and waited, knowing well enough all that was to come. It was no feeling of fear that made him keep hidden; he had done with fear if he had ever felt it in his life. He knew what he was going to do and he laid his plans coolly. He was to stay here and do the work that lay before him and leave things as straight as he could, and then at night when all was quiet he would make his way out in the dark and go to the Works. It was only a fancy, this of going to the Works, but he clung to it persistently.

He had never been clearer-headed in his life—only, sometimes as he was making a calculation or writing a letter he would dash down his work and fall to cursing.

"There's not another chap in England that had done it," he would say, "And it's gone!—it's gone!—it's gone!"

Then again he would break into a short laugh, remembering the M. P. and his speech and poor Ffrench's stumbling, overwhelmed reply to it. When he heard the crowd shouting and hooting at the front, he went into a room facing the street and watched them through a chink in the shutter. He heard the red-faced farmer's anathemas, and swore a little himself, knowing his story was true.

"Tha shalt have all Haworth can give, chaps," he muttered, "an' welcome. He'll tak' nowt with him."

He laughed again but suddenly stopped, and walked back into the little office silently and waited there.

At night-fall he went out of a back door and slipped through unfrequented by-ways, feeling his heart beat with heavy thuds as he went. Nothing stood in his way and he got in, as he believed he should. The instant his foot crossed the threshold a change came upon him. He forgot all else but what lay before him. He was less calm, and in some little hurry.

He reached his room and lighted the gas dimly—only so that he could see to move about. Then he went to his desk and opened it and took out one of a pair of pistols, speaking aloud as he did so.

"Here," he said, "is the end of Jem Haworth."

He knew where to aim, the heavy thuds marked the spot for him, and his hand was steady.

He had said he would count three before he pulled the trigger, and he had counted but two when he stopped and his hand fell at his side with his weapon in it.

For at the door his mother stood. In an instant she had fallen upon her knees and dragged herself toward him and was clinging to his hand.

"No—Jem!" she panted. "No, not that, my dear—Jesus Christ forbid!"

He staggered back though she still clung to him.

"How," he faltered, "how did you come here?"

"The Lord led me," she sobbed. "He put it into my heart and showed me the way, an' you had forgot the door, Jem—thank God!"

"You—saw—what I was going to do?"

"What you *was* goin' to do, but what you'll never do, Jem, an' me to live an' suffer when it's done—me as you've been so good an' such a comfort to."

In the dim light she knelt sobbing at his feet.

"Let me sit down," he said. "And sit down nigh me. I've summat to tell you."

But though he sank into the chair she would not get up but kept her place in spite of him and went on.

"To-day there have been black tales told you?" he said.

"Yes," she cried, "but——"

"They're true," he said, "th' worst on 'em."

"No—no!"

He stopped her by going on monotonously as if she had not spoken.

"Think of the worst you've ever known—you've not known much—and then say to yourself, 'He's worse a hundred times'; think of the blackest you have ever known to be done, and then say to yourself, 'What he's done's blacker yet.' If any chap has told you I've stood at naught until there was next to naught I'd left undone, he spoke true. If there was any one told you I set th' decent ones by the ears and laughed 'em in the face, he spoke true. If any o' 'em said I was a dread and a by-word, they spoke true, too. The night you came there were men and women in th' house that couldn't look you in th' face, and that felt shame for th' first time in their lives—mayhap—because you didn't know what they were, an' took 'em to be as innocent as yourself. There's not a sin I haven't tasted, nor wrong I've not done. I've had murder in my mind, an' planned it. I've been mad for a woman not worth even what Jem Haworth had to give her—and I've won all I'd swore I'd win—an' lost it! Now tell me if there's aught else to do but what I've set my mind on!"

She clung to his heavy hand as she had not clung to it before, and laid her withered cheek upon it and kissed it. Bruised and crushed as she was with the blows he had dealt, she would not let it go free yet. Her words came from her lips a broken cry, with piteous sobs between them. But she had her answer ready.

"That as I've thanked God for all my life," she said, "He'll surely give me in the end. He couldn't hold it back—I've so believed an' been grateful to Him. If there hadn't been in you what would make a good man, my dear, I couldn't have been so deceived an' so happy. No—not deceived—that ain't the word, Jem—the good was there. You've lived two lives, maybe,—but one was good, thank God! You've been a good son to me. You've

never hurt me, an' it was your love 'as hid from me the wrong you did. You did love me, Jem—I won't give that up—never. There's nothing you've done as can stand agen that with her as is your mother. You loved me an' was my own son—my boy as was a comfort an' a pride to me from the first."

He watched her with a stunned look.

"You didn't believe *them*," he said hoarsely, "and you don't believe *me*!"

She put her hand to her heart and almost smiled.

"It hasn't come home to me yet," she said. "I don't think it ever will."

He looked helplessly toward the pistol on the table. He knew it was all over and he should not use it.

"What," he said, in the same hoarse voice, "must I do?"

"Get up," she said, "and come with me. I'm a old woman, but my heart's strong, an' we've been poor before. We'll go away together an' leave it all behind—all the sorrow of it an' the sin an' the shame. The life I *thought* you lived, my dear, is to be lived yet. Their's places where they won't know us an' where we can begin again. Get up and come with me."

He scarcely grasped what she meant at first.

"With you?" he repeated. "You want me to go now?"

"Yes," she answered, "for Christ's sake, my dear, now."

He began to see the meaning and possibility of her simple, woman's plan, and got up ready to follow her. And then he found that the want of food and the long day had worn upon him so that he was weak. She put her arm beneath his and tried to support him.

"Lean on me, my dear," she said; "I'm stronger than you think."

They went out, leaving the empty room and the pistol on the table and the dim light burning. And then they had locked the gate and were out-

side with the few stars shining above and the great black Works looming up before them.

He stopped a moment to look back and up and remembered, the key. Suddenly he raised it in his hand and flung it across the top of the locked gate; they heard it fall inside upon the pavement with a clang.

"They'll wonder how it came there," he said. "They'll take down the name to-morrow. 'Haworth's' is done with!"

He turned to her and said "Come." His voice was a little stronger. They went down the lane together, and were lost in the darkness.

CHAPTER LIII.

"A BIT O' GOOD BLACK."

GRANNY DIXON was interred with pomp and ceremony, or, at least, with what appeared pomp and ceremony in the eyes of the lower social stratum of Broxton.

Mrs. Briarley's idea concerning the legacy left her had been of the vaguest. Her revered relative had shrewdly kept the amount of her possessions strictly to herself, if, indeed, she knew definitely what they were. She had spent but little, discreetly living upon the expectations of her kindred. She had never been known to give anybody anything, and had dealt out the money to be expended upon her own wants with a close hand. Consequently, the principal, which had been a mystery from the first, had accumulated in an agreeably steady manner.

Between her periodic fits of weeping in her character of sole legatee, Mrs. Briarley speculated with matronly prudence upon the possibility of the interest even amounting to "a matter o' ten or fifteen shillin' a week," and found the pangs of bereavement materially softened thereby. There was a great deal of consolation to be derived from "ten or fifteen shillin' a week."

"I'll ha' a bit o' good black," she

said, "an' we'll gi' her a noice buryin'." Only a severe sense of duty to the deceased rescued her from tempering her mournfulness with an air of modest cheer.

The "bit o' good black" was the first investment. There was a gown remarkable for much stiffness of lining and a tendency to crackle upon every movement of the wearer, and there was a shawl of great weight and size, and a bonnet which was a marvel of unmitigated affliction as expressed by floral decorations of black crape and beads.

"Have thee beads i' thy bonnet an' a pair o' black gloves, mother," said Janey, "an' tha't be dressed up for onct i' thy loife. Eh! but I'd loike to go i' mournin' mysen."

"Aye, and so tha should, Jane Ann, if I could afford it," replied Mrs. Briarley. "Theer's nowt loike a bit o' black fur makkin foak look dressed. Theer's summatt cheerful about it, i' a quioiet way. But nivver thee moind, tha't get these here things o' moine when I'm done wi' 'em, an' happen tha't ha' growed up to fit th' bonnet by then."

The occasion of the putting on of the festive garb was Mrs. Briarley's visit to Manchester to examine into the state of her relative's affairs, and such was the effect produced upon the mind of Mr. Briarley by the air of high life surrounding him that he retired into the late Mrs. Dixon's chair and wept copiously.

"I nivver thowt to see thee dressed up i' so much luckshury, Sararann," he said, "an' it sets me back. Tha does na look loike thysen. Tha looks as though tha moight be one o' th' nobility, goin' to th' Duke o' Wellington's funeral to ride behind th' hearse. I'm not worthy o' thee. I've nivver browt thee luck. I'm a misforchnit cha—"

"If tha'd shut thy mouth an' keep it shut till some one axes thee to open it, tha'd do well enow," interposed Mrs. Briarley, with a manifest weakening toward the culprit even in the midst

of her sternness. "He is na so bad," she used to say, leniently, "if he hadna been born a foo'."

But this recalled to Mr. Briarley such memories as only plunged him into deeper depression.

"Theer is na many as axes me to oppen it i' these days, Sararann," he said, with mournfulness. "It has na oppen't to mich purpose for many a day. Even th' hospittiblest on 'em gets toired o' a chap as sees nowt but misforchin. I mowt as well turn tee-total an' git th' credit on it. Happen theer's a bit o' pleasure to be gotten out o' staggerin' through th' streets wi' a banner i' th' Whit-week possession. I dunnot know. I've thowt mysen as happen th' tea a chap has to drink when th' excitement's ower, an' th' speeches ud a'most be a drorback even to that. But I mun say I've thowt o' tryin'."

It may be remarked that since Mrs. Briarley's sudden accession to fortune, Mr. Briarley's manner had been that of an humble and sincere penitent whose sympathies were slowly but surely verging toward the noble cause of temperance. He had repeatedly deplored his wanderings from the path of sobriety and rectitude with tearful though subdued eloquence, and frequently intimated a mournful inclination to "jine th' teetotals." Though, strange to say, the effect of these sincere manifestations had not been such as to restore in the partner of his joys and sorrows that unlimited confidence which would allow of her confiding to his care the small amount he had once or twice feebly suggested her favouring him with "to settle wi'" a violent and not to be pacified creditor of whom he stated he stood in bodily fear.

"I dunnot know as I ivver seed a chap as were as desp'rit ower a little," he remarked. "It is na but eighteenpence, an' he ses he'll ha' it, or—see about it. He stands at th' street corner—near th' 'Who'd ha' Thowt it,'—an' he will na listen to owt. He

says a chap as has coom i' to property can pay eighteenpence. He wunnot believe me," weakly, "when I say as it is na me as has getten th' brass, but yo'. It mak's him worse to try to mak' him understand. He will na believe me, an' he's a chap as would na stand back at owt. Theer wur a man i' Marfort as owed him thruppence as he—he mashed i' to a jelly, Sararann—an' it wur fur thruppence."

"Aye," said Mrs. Briarley, dryly, "an' theer's no knowin' what he'd do fur eighteenpence. Theer's a bad lookout fur *thee*, sure enow!"

Mr. Briarley paused and surveyed her for a few seconds in painful silence. Then he looked at the floor, as if appealing to it for assistance, but even here he met with indifference, and his wounded spirit sought relief in meek protestations.

"Tha has na no confydence in me, Sararann," he said. "Happen th' tee-totals would na ha' neyther, happen they wouldn't, an, wheer's th' use o' a chap thinkin' o' j'inin' 'em when they mowt ha' no confydence i' him. When a mon's fam'ly mistrusts him, an' has na no belief in what he says, he canna help feelin' as he is na incouraged. Tha is na incouragin', Sararann—theer's wheer it is."

But when, after her visit to Manchester, Mrs. Briarley returned, even Mr. Briarley's spirits rose, though under stress of circumstances and in private. On entering the house Mrs. Briarley sank into a chair, breathless and overawed.

"It's two pound ten a week, Janey!" she announced in a hysterical voice. "An' tha can ha' thy black as soon as tha wants it." And at once burst into luxurious weeping.

Janey dropped on to a stool, rolled her arms under her apron and sat gasping.

"Two pound ten a week!" she exclaimed. "I dunnot believe it!"

But she was persuaded to believe by means of sound proof and solid argument, and even the proprieties were

scarcely sufficient to tone down the prevailing emotion.

"Theer's a good deal to be gotten wi' two pound ten a week," soliloquised Mr. Briarley in his corner. "I've heerd o' heads o' fam'lies as wur 'low-anced. Summat could be done wi' three shillin' a week. Wi' four shillin' a chap could be i' parydis."

But this, be it observed, was merely soliloquy, and timorously in the temporary security afforded by the prevailing excitement.

At the funeral the whole family appeared clothed in new garments of the most sombre description. There were three black coaches, and Mrs. Briarley was supported by numerous friends who alternately cheered and condoled with her.

"Tha mun remember," they said, "as she's better off, poor thing."

Mr. Briarley, who had been adorned with a hat-band of appalling width and length, and furthermore inserted into a pair of gloves some inches too long in the fingers, overcame his emotion at this juncture sufficiently to make an endeavour to ingratiate himself. He withdrew his handkerchief from his face and addressed Mrs. Briarley.

"Aye," he said, "tha mun bear up Sararann. She is better off—happen—an' so are we." And he glanced round with a faint smile, which, however, faded out with singular rapidity, and left him looking somewhat aghast.

CHAPTER LIV.

"IT WILL BE TO YOU."

THEY found the key lying within the locked gate, and when they went in, the dim light burning and the pistol loaded upon the table. The great house stood empty with all its grandeur intact. The servants had been paid their wages a few days before the crash, and they went away. Nothing had been moved, nothing taken. The creditors, who found to their amazement that all was left in their

hands to dispose of as they chose, agreed that this was not an orthodox case of absconding. Haworth was a more eccentric fellow than they had thought.

One man alone understood. This was Murdoch, who, amid all the buzz of excited amazement, said nothing even to those in his own house. When he heard the story of the pistol and the key, his first thought was a sudden recollection of the silence of the great place at night—the deadness of it and the sense of desolation it brought. It was a terrible thing to remember this, and then picture a ruined man standing alone in the midst of it, a pistol in his hand and only the low light burning.

"We did not understand each other very well," he said, drearily, "but we were friends in our way."

And the man's farewell as he stood at the carriage door in the shadow, came back to him again and again like an echo repeating itself.

"If there's aught in what's gone by that's for me—remember it!"

Even before his return home, Murdoch had made up his mind as to what his course for the next few years was to be. His future was assured, and he might follow his idlest fancy.

But his fancies were not idle. They reached forward to freedom and new labours when the time came. He wanted to be alone, for a while at least, and he was to return to America. His plan was to travel with a purpose in view, and to fill his life with work which would leave him little leisure.

Rachel Ffrench had not left her father's house yet. Saint Méran had gone away with some suddenness immediately after the dinner-party at which the political economist had reigned. Various comments had been made on his departure, but it was not easy to arrive at anything like a definite conclusion. Miss Ffrench was seen no more in the town. Only a few servants remained with her in the house, and these maintained that she

was going to Paris to her father's sister, with whom she had lived before her return from abroad. They added that there was no change in her demeanour, that she had dismissed their companions without any explanation. One, it is true, thought she was rather thin—and had "gone off her looks," but this version was not popular, and considered out of accordance with the ideal of her character held in the public mind.

"She does na care," it was said. "*She* is na hurt. *Her* brass is safe enow, an' that's aw as ud be loike to trouble her. Pale i'deed! She's too high an' moighty."

Murdoch made his preparations for departure as rapidly as possible. They were rather for his mother and Christian than for himself. They were to leave Broxton also, and he had found a home for them elsewhere. One day, as they sat in the little parlour, he rose hurriedly and went to Christian and took both her hands.

"Try to be happy," he said. "Try to be happy."

He spared no effort to make the future bright for them. He gave no thought to himself, his every hour was spent in thinking and for devising new comfort for them.

But at last all was ready, and there was but one day left to them.

The Works were still closed, and would not be re-opened for some weeks, but he had obtained permission to go down to his room and remove his possessions if he chose. So on the morning of this last day he let himself into his "den," and shut himself up in it. Once behind the closed doors, he began a strange labour. He emptied drawers and desk, and burnt every scrap of paper to ashes—drawings, letters, all! Then he destroyed the delicate models and every other remnant of his past labours. There was not so much as an envelope or blotting-pad remaining. When he had done he had made a clean sweep. The room was empty, cold, and bare. He sat down, at last,

in the midst of its desolate orderliness.

At that moment a hand was laid upon the door-handle and the door opened; there was a rustle of a woman's dress—and Rachel Ffrench stood before him!

"What," he said, rising slowly to meet her, "what are you doing here, in Heaven's name!"

She cast one glance around the bare room.

"It is true! You are going away!"

"Yes," he answered, "I am going. I have done my last work here to-day."

She made a step forward and stood looking at him. She spoke under her breath.

"Every one is going. My father has left me—I——"

A scarlet spot came out on her cheek, but she did not withdraw her eyes.

"Saint Méran has gone also."

Gradually, as she looked at him, the blood receded from her face and left it like a mask of stone.

"I"—she began, in a sharp whisper, "do you not see! Do you not understand! Ah—my God!"

There was a chair near her and she fell into it, burying her face in the crushed velvet of her mantle as she buried herself upon the table near.

"Hush!" she cried, "do not speak to me! That it should be I who stooped, and for this—for this! That having battled against my folly so long, I should have let it drag me to the dust at last!"

Her passionate sobs suffocated her. She could not check or control them. Her slender fingers writhed in their clasp upon each other.

"I never thought of *this*, God knows!" he said, hoarsely, "though there have been hours when I could have sworn that you had loved me once. I have thought of all things, but never of this—never that you could repent."

She lifted her head.

"That I should repent!" she cried. "Repent! Like this!"

"No," he returned, "I never thought of that, I swear!"

"And it is you," she cried, with scorn—"you, who stand there and look at me and tell me that it is all over!"

"Is it my fault that it is all over!" he demanded. "Is it!"

"No," she answered, "that is my consolation."

He drew nearer to her.

"You left me nothing," he said, "—nothing. God knows what saved me. I do not. You loved me! You battled against your love!" He laughed aloud. "I was a madman under your window night after night. Forget it, if you can. I cannot. 'Oh! that I should have stooped for this,' you say. No, it is that I who have loved you should stand here with empty hands!"

She had bowed her face and was sobbing again. But suddenly she rose.

"If I did not know you better," she said, "I should say this was revenge."

"It would be but a poor one," he answered her coldly.

She supported herself with one hand on the chair's back.

"I have fallen very low," she said, "so low that I was weaker than I thought. And now, as you say, 'it is over.' Your hands are empty! Oh! it was a poor passion, and this is the fitting end for it!"

She moved a little toward the door and stopped.

"Good-bye," she said.

In a moment more all that was left was a subtle breath of flower-like fragrance in the atmosphere of the bare room.

It was an hour before he passed through the iron gates, though there had been nothing left to be done inside.

He came out slowly, and having locked the gate, turned toward the Broxton road.

He was going to the little graveyard. It had been a dull gray day, but by the time he reached the place the sun had crept through the clouds and brightened them, and noting it, he felt some vague comfort. It was a desolate place when there was no sun.

When he reached the mound he stood looking down. Since the night he had lain by it looking up at the sky and had made his resolve, the grass had grown longer and thicker, and turned from green to brown and rustled as it moved.

He spoke aloud, just as he had done before.

"It is done," he said. "Your thought was what you dreamed it would be. I have kept my word."

He stopped as if for an answer.

But it was very still—so still that the silence was like a Presence. And the mound at his feet lay golden brown in the sunlight, even its long grass unstirred.

They left Broxton the next day and in a week he set sail. As the ship moved away he stood leaning on the taffrail watching a figure upon the shore. It was a girl in a long cloak of gray almost the colour of the mist in which she stood—a slender motionless figure—the dark young face turned seaward.

He watched her until he could see her face no longer; but still she had not stirred.

"When I return," he said, scarcely conscious that he spoke, "when I return—it will be to you."

Then the grayness closed about her and she faded slowly from his sight.

CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS.¹

To many other hopeful signs afforded by the last few years of an increasing interest in the well-being of the stage in England, may be added the welcome that has been accorded to memorials and biographies of divers leading members of that profession. Within ten years, for example, have appeared a memoir of Charles Mayne Young, by his son; the autobiography and journals of Macready; biographies of Edmund Kean and the principal members of the Kemble family, including the most interesting journals of Mrs. Butler; to which may be added—though the contribution to the stock is slighter in point of bulk—a charming essay in the *Quarterly Review* on Garrick, which we violate no confidence in attributing to the genial hand of Mr. Theodore Martin. And now we have to acknowledge a further addition to the number in the life of the late Charles Mathews, which Mr. Charles Dickens has put together, by consent of the family, from materials collected by the late comedian with a view to publication. The editor has done his work of arrangement with great judgment, and has been only too modest in the part he has allotted to himself. His remarks and criticisms, so far as they go, are so judicious that it makes us the more regret that he had not allowed himself greater scope on this head, and had not attempted a more formal estimate of the place filled in the past forty years' history of the stage by the distinguished subject of his memoir.

The charm of the memoir, however—as we are sure Mr. Dickens would

be the first to admit—belongs to a feature in which the editor makes no appearance at all. The greater part of the memoir consists of Mathews' autobiography and letters, and these have been very properly published as they were left by the writer, though it is probable that had the writer lived to edit them himself they might have undergone some change in passing through the press. For a distinct change of style is visible as the writer becomes used to a form of composition doubtless at the outset unfamiliar to him. In the opening pages of the autobiography there is too much of the conventional and rather forced humour of the comic author and the after-dinner speech-maker. But as the writer settles down to his work, and becomes really interested in it, the merely comic vein subsides, and he comes to evince narrative power of considerable mark. And certainly, as the following rapid abstract of the book may serve to show, Charles Mathews had no lack of incident and adventure in his life on which to employ his skill.

Charles Mathews was born as long ago as 1803, and those who saw him the year before last in *My Awful Dad*, or some other piece of his older *répertoire*, might well doubt whether the still unflagging spirit was that of a man in his seventy-fifth year. The unflagging spirit began early, and the first reminiscences that the writer has to record are those of the scrapes he got into at school through a too early development of animal spirits. His father had sent him to Merchant Taylors' with a view to a scholarship, the University to follow, and the Church as a profession, but he made little or no progress in his school studies. "The fact is, I was a dunce;

¹ *The Life of C. J. Mathews, chiefly Autobiographical; with Selections from his Correspondence and Speeches.* Edited by Charles Dickens. In 2 vols. Macmillan and Co.

there is no disguising the truth ;" and a dunce he might have remained but for—literally—a happy accident.

For some offence against school-discipline, involving a broken head, an angry correspondence arose between Mathews' parents and the authorities of the school, which ended in the removal of the boy. This led to his being placed at a private school at Clapham, kept by the well-known lexicographer, Dr. Richardson, where, he tells us, "in the company of many boys I knew—especially the sons of Charles Kemble, Charles Young, Liston, and Terry—I found a more congenial soil." The change was in all respects a happy one for the boy. Dr. Richardson proved "more like an affectionate friend than a rigid school-master," and under this fostering care young Mathews seems to have developed that taste for literature which the rougher discipline of Merchant Taylors' had failed to bring out. His new master encouraged him to appreciate the worth of Horace and Homer for their own sakes, and not merely as tasks to be gone through ; and furthermore, being then at work upon his English Dictionary, he made use of his more intelligent pupils in the work of citing from the old English authors, to which Mathews refers with gratitude as having sown the first seed of a taste for English literature which remained with him for life. "I was one so distinguished," he writes, "and was thus delightfully introduced to the study of Chaucer, Gower, Spenser, and all the early poets and historians, the honour of whose acquaintance I had previously been denied, and I imbibed a taste for that style of reading which I have never lost ; and often among the worries of life, when people have thought I was closeted with my difficulties, engaged, as perhaps I ought to have been, with the battle of figures, I have taken down the tall folio of Gower, or the huge quarto of *Piers Ploughman's Vision*, and let the world go on without me." The liberal character of the education thus received at Dr. Richard-

son's was unquestionably the turning-point in Mathews' life. The associations of his home made all matters connected with the theatre near and dear to him, and the taste for these was in no degree weakened by the cultivation of other tastes by their side. An interest in architecture was silently growing up—Mathews himself hardly understood how or why—and while the pursuit of this art was to afford him occupation till he was over thirty years of age, he never lost that fondness for the actor's art which led him ultimately to choose the profession by which his bread must be made. In his very early youth he was fond of being taken behind the scenes, and an exquisitely droll letter written by him to Fawcett the actor, after having served as amateur prompter on one occasion, is too funny not to be quoted :—

"HONOURED SIR,—Last night I went behind the scenes with my Papa, to see Mr. Liston in the character of Moll Flaggon, and held the Book while Mr. Glasinton was away, and I found you guilty of several mistakes, and I mentioned them to my Papa and Mamma, and they said I had better tell you of them, and I thought so too, because next time somebody in the front of the Theatre might have a book too, and find you out, as I did, and then they will hiss you off, which I should be sorry for. You said, 'no, no, no,' when you ought to have said nothing ; and you said, 'I suppose,' at the beginning of a sentence, where you ought to have said, 'Ah ;' and you said, 'I believe,' where there was nothing to say. I only wrote these few lines that you may remember another time.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your Respectful Servant,
"C. J. MATHEWS.

"King's Road, July 1st, 1813."

After four years spent under the roof of Dr. Richardson, architecture was chosen as the future calling of young Mathews, and through the introduction of Nash, an old friend of the elder Mathews, the boy was articulated to the famous Augustus Pugin. "I now set to work," writes Mathews, "to begin life in earnest. Every day increased my love for the profession I had adopted. I actually doted on the delightful science of architecture, and

pursued the acquirement of it with positive passion." Pugin was "a delightful instructor," making himself the intimate friend and companion of his pupils; and Mathews certainly began his new work under the happiest auspices. But even these fascinations were not to retain an uninterrupted sway over the young man. Pugin was called by professional duties to Paris, and his pupils all accompanied him, and there Mathews was introduced to all the glories of the French Theatre: Talma and Mdlle. Mars at the Français; Perlet, Potier, and a host of other artists of first-rate mark at the Variétés and the Gymnase. Here was another turning-point in the young man's life. It did not weaken the affection for his newly-adopted profession, but it unquestionably fired him with the desire to distinguish himself—as an amateur—in the actor's art. On his return to London, an opportunity soon presented itself, or was made. A performance was got up at the English Opera House in the Strand, and a programme of curious interest was constructed for the occasion. In a spirit of ingenious bravado two of the pieces were chosen on the very ground that they had been unsuccessful elsewhere. One of them was no less classical a work than Charles Lamb's farce of *Mr. H*—. "N.B. This piece was damned at Drury Lane Theatre," was the cynical announcement in the play-bill of the evening. Lamb's hero—originally played by the great Elliston—was on this occasion acted by Captain Hill, an amateur of some celebrity who afterwards adopted the stage as a profession with some success. The farce, under these new circumstances, proved more fortunate than on its original performance, and went off, Mathews relates, "with roars." Probably, as he also remarks with reference to his own performance on the same evening of a part in a burlesque on the *Sorrows of Werther*, the fact of its being played by amateur actors before their personal friends had something to do

with the result. "Amateur acting," says Mathews, "is always overpraised," and it is not likely that Lamb's unfortunate play will ever be resuscitated on the strength of this one reversal of its original doom.

On the expiration of his articles with Pugin, Mathews was on the point of devoting himself to the practical part of his profession, under Nash, the famous architect, the creator of Regent Street and the Regent's Park, when Lord Blessington, an old friend of the Mathews family, having it in contemplation to build a castle upon his Irish estate, offered the work to the young architect, the son of his old friend. The proposed scheme came to nothing, but it led to an intimate friendship between the younger Mathews and the Blessingtons, which was to have important influences on the career of the former. The Blessingtons were on the eve of a tour in Italy, and the first incident of the new friendship was an invitation to the young man to accompany his friends thither, and mature his architectural designs under the actual eye of his employer.

A considerable part of the first volume is occupied with an account of this Italian tour, with the correspondence maintained with Mathews' parents and other friends in England. Count d'Orsay was also of the party, and an account of a quarrel between that accomplished aristocrat and Mathews, the termination of which was at least creditable to both parties, plays a rather too important part in Mathews' reminiscences. It arose out of a criticism of d'Orsay's upon a certain diminution which had appeared in his young friend's architectural zeal. Young Mathews carried his sketching materials with him, but did not sketch, and it may well be understood that the luxury and brilliancy of his new surroundings were not calculated to help a young beginner in the first stages of an arduous profession. Indeed, the acquaintance with the Blessingtons, though it afforded Mathews advantages of many kinds for the

profession he was ultimately to adopt, was, perhaps, in some degree answerable also for the less successful portions of his subsequent career. His parents were at this time in flourishing circumstances, and did not grudge him the outlay necessary for associating with companions who moved in a very different sphere; but it seems likely that some of the tastes thus acquired remained with him through life, and fettered his movements. It is clear that Mathews, hard as he worked, and manfully as he fought against difficulties to the very end of his career, never possessed a talent for finance, and probably a harder discipline at the outset might have been of good service to him.

Certainly, however, he never showed a disposition to avoid hard work when it stared him in the face, and on the conclusion of the Italian tour he set to work in earnest at his profession. Some one offered him the post of architect to the "Welsh Iron and Coal Mining Company," at Coed Talwn, in North Wales, which he promptly accepted, and a very amusing chapter of the first volume is occupied with his Welsh experiences. The company in question was one of the many creations of a certain John Wilks, who seems to have been the George Hudson of that day, and though it proved sounder and longer lived than many of its companions, Mathews found it impossible to maintain friendly relations with its promoter, and resigned the post after not many months of trial. "Workmen's cottages and village ale-houses," he says, "were not congenial to a mind filled with Italian images, and panting with desire to execute works of Palladian grandeur." It is clear that besides his natural dislike for the necessary drudgery of the work, he had never yet mastered the more prosaic details of his profession. His fancies were still dallying, moreover, with other arts, and the most notable episode of his Welsh sojourn was his authorship of a song destined to enjoy a wide and long popularity.

"During my sojourn at Plas Teg, we made a brilliant equestrian expedition to Llangollen. Dean Roper and his daughter, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Roper, myself and the respective grooms, formed an imposing cavalcade. After a charming ramble up to Castle Dinas Bran we had a jolly dinner at the hotel, and during the repast were entertained by a venerable white-bearded Druid, one of the most splendid specimens of his craft I ever encountered. The old fellow was a noted artist, and had a fine collection of all the most popular melodies, and among them one I had never heard before. He said it was some twenty years since he had first met with it. It was called 'Cader Idris;' and I made him play it over to me till I had learnt it correctly.

"Elated with my discovery, for such it really seemed to be—none of my friends having heard it before any more than myself—I lost no time in putting words to it, and the result was a great success.

"At the picturesque farmhouse at Pontblyddyn, in which I lived, was a pretty little Welsh dairymaid, named Jenny Jones, and a simple ploughman, called David Morgan. The ballad I then composed to my newly-discovered national air, bearing the young lady's name, has since made the interesting couple familiar to London ears. They would perhaps be astonished to know their history publicly recorded, and blush to find it fame.

"This, of course, was years before I had any idea of going upon the stage, and I only mention it in connection with the mortifying disenchantment that awaited me.

"I had been singing my new ballad one evening, at the house of some friends in London, to a tolerably large party, when an old gentleman in a voluminous white choker and a shiny suit of black, looking very like a Methodist parson, came up to me with a very serious face, to remonstrate with me, I feared, for the levity I had been guilty of, and to my surprise said:

"My dear sir, allow me to express to you the great gratification the perfect little ballad you have just sung has afforded me, and to assure you that I appreciate the honour you have done me in selecting for its illustration an air of my humble composing."

"With a look of ineffable pity, I answered the poor maniac: 'I am sorry, dear sir, to rob you of so pleasant a delusion, but unfortunately the air is one I picked up myself years ago among the Welsh mountains, and is, I flatter myself, quite original, and hitherto unknown.'

"Pardon me, in my turn, dear sir,' said the old gentleman, smiling, 'if I inform you that the air in question was composed by me for the Eisteddfod in 1804, obtaining the prize at that festival. I named it 'Cader Idris,' and I shall have great pleasure in sending you the music, published at the time, with my name attached to it.'"

"Patratras ! down went my great antiquarian discovery, and I was left desolate.

"The old gentleman was John Parry, the Welsh composer, and father of the illustrious John, whose genius has delighted thousands ; and when, long afterwards, I introduced the ballad of 'Jenny Jones' in my piece of 'He would be an Actor,' and it got to be whistled about the streets, he presented me with a handsome silver cup, with a complimentary inscription in most elegant Welsh, in commemoration of the event."

The year 1827 found Mathews again in London, working in earnest, and seeing plenty of it, in the office of Nash. He retained his own office in Parliament Street, and undertook what work was sent him, but was all the while working under Mr. Nash in the humble capacity of a clerk. Nash seems to have taken small personal interest in his pupils, and in the meantime very little work of any profit came to Mathews' own office. Theatrical matters still claimed his attention, and were possibly the most real and deep-seated of his affections. His days were spent in much work that was clearly distasteful ; his evenings in writing "entertainments" for his father, articles for the magazines, and comedies and burlesques for the theatres. It is not surprising that this state of things was not satisfactory to any party concerned, and tired of this enforced idleness as regarded the money-getting part of his profession, Mathews sought and obtained his father's permission to make a second tour in the south of Europe, and acquire (as he said) "that knowledge which is only to be acquired by the investigation of the buildings of Italy and Greece." On this tour he set out with a young friend and former fellow pupil under Pugin, James d'Egville. The remainder of the first volume of these memorials is occupied with the journals and letters written by Mathews during the tour for the benefit of his parents, to whom he was always a considerate and devoted son.

Mathews returned from the trip, by which no special advantage seems to have been gained, in 1830, and for the

next few years was in a state of enforced suspense as to his future calling. "During the next few years," writes Mr. Dickens, "he led a somewhat desultory life. Architecture, painting, writing for the stage, travelling, and amateur acting all in turn occupied his time and attention ; but there can be no doubt that very soon after his return from Italy, the slow progress he was making towards a position was gradually drawing him more and more from the profession he had at first so enthusiastically embraced." It is evident, in short, that the charming manners and social qualifications of the young architect were terrible disqualifications for the need of "roughing it," which belongs to the outset of any and all professions. We read of him next as the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, in Scotland, and the life and the soul of the party, as he had been in old days with the Blessingtons. It was not a hopeful period of probation for the next post he accepted, that of district-surveyor. This step was taken on the advice of his friend, Samuel Angell, who thought, wisely or not, that the tonic of a more prosaic experience of his calling would be of service to the young man. "You must study the Act of Parliament, superintend the erection of all the dwellings in the district, regulate all the party walls and flues, and show yourself master of the practical part of the science as well as the ornamental. Bow and Bethnal Green are both vacant. Start at once." "Here was a bathos," adds Mathews, in his autobiography. "From Rome and Venice to Bow and Bethnal Green. However, it was to be done, and at it I went." He went at it boldly, offered himself as candidate for the surveyorship of Bow, and was elected. The salary was as modest as the duties were unattractive, forty pounds a year, payable by "fees," which had to be collected by the unhappy surveyor in person. "At one house I knocked humbly, after considerable hesitation. The door was opened cautiously, with

the chain up, and a stout, suspicious-looking dame, in a pair of nankeen stays, asked me if I came 'arter the taxes or summat?' 'No, madam,' I said, deferentially; 'I am the district surveyor from Cut-throat Lane' (Mathews' actual official address at Bow), 'and I have called for——'

"O bother!" said the lady, "summons me if you like. I'm not going to be humbugged by you."

"Shade of Vitruvius!" cries Mathews, "was this architecture?" And there was for him obviously but one answer, to be returned sooner or later.

It was returned the sooner that financial difficulties had begun to gather round the elder Mathews. Unfortunate speculations in which the old man had embarked, together with a course of bad seasons, had brought him to the verge of bankruptcy, and the younger Mathews found the money question affecting him in new shapes. It became necessary that he should at once earn something more respectable than the 40*l.* a year, collected in "fees." The stage, so long loved and coquetted with, was the most obvious resource, and after a short preliminary campaign as joint manager of the Adelphi, with his father's old partner, Frederick Yates, he enrolled himself as a member of the Olympic Company, under Madame Vestris, and made his first appearance as a recognised "professional," on the evening of the 6th of November, 1835. It is to be remembered that he was now thirty-two years of age.

"I come now," says Mathews, "to the second part of my career, and I must confess I feel no small difficulty respecting it. I am aware that it is delicate ground I am entering on, and whether it can be made interesting or not is still to be ascertained. The poetry of my life is over, and I commence the prose; and if I cannot make it amusing, I will at least try and make it instructive by offering an illustration of the old quotation, '*Facilis descensus Averni*,' and showing

how easy are the stages by which a man may descend from the airy empyrean of poetry, music, and painting, to the heavy slough of pounds, shillings, and pence." How heavy this slough proved, and for how long it was to be borne, is shown by the ominous heading of chapter three of the second volume—"Difficulties—1835,—1858,"—twenty-three years, that is to say, of incessant labour and struggle. The precise defects in Mathews' character, or ability as an administrator, which led to these difficulties, are not of course set forth in these volumes. Probably he was himself unaware of them, and in any case it is not likely he would have discussed them with the public.

Theatrical management is one of the uncertain things of the world besides demanding a special aptitude on the part of those who embark in it. Mathews and his wife (for he married Madame Vestris in 1838) were certainly successful at the outset, and this success may have encouraged a policy of *laissez-aller*. They visited America, leaving the Olympic to shift for itself, and Madame Vestris on her return was obliged to admit, in addressing her audience, that the degree of patronage accorded to her theatre during her absence was more flattering to her vanity than calculated to fill her treasury. This temporary drawback led to the managers taking a step, by way of recouping their losses, which plunged them into further difficulties, extending over all the rest of Mathews' managerial life. They migrated from the Olympic to Covent Garden, a house with a bad name for tempting on and then wrecking theatrical argosies. They opened with *Love's Labour's Lost*, a play which his company had never acted or seen acted, and which proved a complete failure. And now began the struggle against pecuniary difficulty. "Money had to be procured at all hazards, and by every means, to prop up the concern till this new mine could be worked, and I was initiated for the first time

in my life into all the mysteries of the money-lending art, and the concoction of these fatal instruments of destruction called Bills of Exchange. Dun, brokers, and sheriff's officers soon entered upon the scene, and I, who had never known what pecuniary difficulty meant, and had never had a debt in my life before, was gradually drawn into the inextricable vortex of involvement—a web, which once thrown over a man, can seldom be thrown off again." One of the most interesting portions of these reminiscences—because the most real and unaffected—consists of a record of the struggles of this unfortunate time, and the shifts and appliances to which Mathews had to have recourse. The following account of an interview with a money-lender is only, Mathews declares, a fair sample of many others, and is in no respect over-coloured:—

"Even the borrowing money at sixty per cent is not so easy an operation as some people may think, not unattended with risk and worry, worse even than the frightful percentage. When not compelled to take a portion of it in wine or paving-stones, the getting the money *when* you want it is by no means so simple. I remember after a week or two of very hot weather, and consequent empty benches, I had occasion to borrow a couple of hundred pounds to patch up the Saturday's treasury. I applied to a professional discounter on the Wednesday.

"Ah, Mr. Mathews! How d'ye do, Mr. Mathews! Glad to see you. Have a glass of sherry?"

"No, thank you. I want a couple of hundred pounds to-morrow."

"Certainly, Mr. Mathews, with pleasure, Mr. Mathews. How long do you want it for? Have a glass of sherry!"

"Say three months."

"What security?"

"None."

"Very good. I must have a warrant of attorney."

"Of course."

"All right, Mr. Mathews. Look in at twelve to-morrow and I'll have it ready. Do have a glass of sherry!"

"Without the slightest belief in any such promptitude, I looked in at twelve—one of his great points being to have my carriage drive up to his door as often as possible, that his neighbours might see his importance.

"Well, Mr. Mathews, I find I can't

manage the £200. I can only let you have £150. I had no idea I was so short at my banker's—account actually overdrawn. But I've got a friend to do it for you—it's all the same." Sheridan's 'unconscionable dog' of a friend was always sure to figure in. 'He'll be here directly. Bless me! How long he is. Have a glass of sherry? Are you going back to the theatre? I'll bring him with me in half an hour.'

"The day passes of course, and no sign of either my friend or my friend's friend. This is Thursday. On Friday the same scene. "Didn't come till too late—but all right. You don't want it till to-morrow, you know. What's your treasury hour?"

"Two."

"Be here at twelve and it shall be ready."

"Saturday at twelve. 'Here I am according to appointment.'

"All right, Mr. Mathews. Have a glass of sherry? My nephew Dick has gone to the City for the cheque."

"But it is past one now."

"You go on. I'll be with you as the clock strikes two."

"Two, three, four o'clock, and no signs of the money, the salaries remaining unpaid to the amount promised. Then a note to say he will be with me at six to the moment. At seven, just as I am going on the stage, in he comes breathless."

"Such a job Dick's had for you, Mr. Mathews! However, here I am with the money. My friend disappointed me, but I managed without him. My nephew will read over the warrant of attorney."

"But I'm just going on the stage; there's no time now."

"Won't take five minutes. Dick, read the warrant. Now here is the money. Now, let's see—£15 left off the old account."

"Oh, pray don't deduct that now."

"Better, Mr. Mathews, better—keeps all square you know—that £15. Then the interest, three months, £17 10s. and £15—£32 10s. Warrant of attorney, £7 10s.—that's £40. Then my nephew's fee, £1 1s., and my trouble, say £1—£42 1s. Here's 15s.—that's £42 16s. Dick, have you got 4s.?"

"I've got 3s. 6d."

"That will do. I've got 6d.—that's £43; and £7 cash makes the £50."

"Yes; but I only get £7 odd."

"Never mind—keeps all square. Now the £100. Here's a cheque of Gribble and Co. on Lloyd's for £25 10s."

"Oh, what's the use of a cheque at this time of night?"

"Good as the bank—same as money—you can pay it as money. Fifty sovereigns makes £75 10s., and a £10 note makes £85 10s. Stay, it ought to be £95 10s. Oh, here's another £10 note, I'd forgot. There you are, £95 10s. Only wants £4 10s. to make up the hundred. You haven't got £4 10s. about you, have you, Mr. Mathews, you could lend me

till the morning, just to get it straight you know?'

"I believe I have. There are four sovereigns and ten shillings in silver."

"That's all right; £4 makes £99 10s., and 10s.—stop, let's count them—count after your own father, as the saying is—five and four's nine, and three fourpenny pieces; all right. Stop, one's a threepenny. Got a penny? or a post-office stamp? Never mind, I won't be hard upon you for the penny. There you are, all comfortable. Good evening."

"I paid away the cheque 'as money.' Two days afterwards I got an indignant note to say the cheque had been dishonoured. In high dudgeon I sent for my friend the discount. To my surprise he appeared with the greatest alacrity."

"Not paid! Gribble's cheque not paid! Some mistake—it's as good as the bank. Here, give it me. I'll get it for you in five minutes. How long shall you be here?"

"An hour."

"I'll be back in twenty minutes."

"Need I say that I never saw anything more of my friend or the cheque? He had totally disappeared, with the only proof against him safe in his pocket."

The difficulties pursued him to the smaller theatre, the Lyceum, which was his next venture; and in spite of his own unfailing popularity, both as an actor and a man,—in spite of such great hits as the *Game of Speculation*, and the famous extravaganzas of M. Planché, with Mr. Beverley's scenery, he never succeeded in getting into smooth water. The Lyceum season of 1854-1855, came to an untimely end in March, and in a farewell address to the public, Charles Mathews, announcing his inability to face any longer the difficulties of his position, took leave for ever of the cares of management. The full measure of his distress was not however yet full. In the following year, while fulfilling an engagement at Preston, in Lancashire, he was arrested by a sheriff's officer on a debt of 400*l*. With curious malignity the creditor had instructed the officer to make the arrest at the exact moment when the large audience had actually assembled, and the curtain was waiting to rise. The account of the arrest, and the imprisonment of Mathews in Lancaster Castle, is one of the most graphic passages in his

autobiography, and shows the writer to have had literary gifts which would have served him in excellent stead in other walks of life. For this we must be content to refer the reader to the volumes themselves.

If this was the crowning disaster of Mathews' life, it was also the final one. Once more freed, and now wholly, from the burden of the past, and having renounced management for ever, the remainder of his life is a continuous record of professional success, and the content that belongs to easy circumstances. He had in the meantime married again, and the new alliance was as helpful to him, by his own cordial acknowledgment, in the business part of his career, as in other ways. "With his second marriage Mathews brings his autobiography to an end, and there are no signs among his papers of any intention of resuming it. Probably he felt that the story of the rest of his life—at all events as to its private side—would have but little general interest. The romance of youth and of adventure was finished. The interesting and curious train of circumstances which gradually transformed the clever, versatile, eager young man, into the accomplished actor and the self-possessed man of the world had been developed to its end. There was no longer any excuse for associating Mathews himself with the Puffs, the Affable Hawks, or any of the host of reckless characters he personated so admirably. Sir Charles Coldstream was *un homme rangé*." So writes Mr. Dickens, and with chapter four of the second volume romance and adventure are at an end. But the remainder of the volume is by no means without interest. It contains a record, peculiarly instructive at the present moment when the visit of the *Comédie Française* is fresh in our memories, of the foolish and malignant opposition to the similar visit of a French company—the *Théâtre Historique*, in 1848. The story was worth telling, if only to remind us of the more cordial understanding between artists of different

nations that thirty years have brought about. It has for its pleasant sequel in Mr. Dickens's narrative the account of Mathews' professional engagement in Paris in the year 1863, when he appeared with undisputed success at the Théâtre des Variétés, in a French version of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's farce, *Cool as a Cucumber*. The triumph was so unequivocal, that in the following year he made the still bolder attempt of playing a character originally created by a French comedian, Arnal, that of the hero of *L'Homme blasé*—the original of the English *Used Up*. Mathews' long tour in Australia and America—another series of successes—in 1870 and 1871, fills another interesting chapter, and the concluding five years of his life is the simple record of unvarying professional success in all parts of his native country. Mathews had been from the first day he went on the stage the most hard-working of artists. It had always been his wish that he should die in harness, and the wish was granted. It was while fulfilling an engagement in Lancashire that an attack of bronchitis—he was now seventy-five years of age—at last overcame the stubborn resistance of a naturally splendid constitution. He died at Manchester on the 24th of June, 1878.

To the second volume Mr. Dickens has most judiciously appended a series of Mathews' most characteristic speeches. He was an excellent speaker—bright, humorous, and effective. Perhaps the one that will be read with most pleasure and surprise is that delivered at a dinner given in Montreal in celebration of the Walter Scott Centenary in 1871. Mathews was on his Australian-American tour just referred to, and was playing at Montreal at the time. It was remembered that when a boy he had enjoyed the personal friendship of Sir Walter, and he was accordingly invited to preside at the dinner, and propose the toast of the evening. He accomplished the task with admirable

tact and skill. Every side of Mathews' unique versatility comes out in it in turn. The enthusiasm for Scott as a writer which he exhibits is unquestionably real, but he does not forget to bind up with it the element, personal to himself and to his fellow-actors, of Scott's intimate love for the stage and all connected with it; and he found a happy climax to the speech in the circumstance that it was on an occasion of special interest to that profession that Scott first publicly divulged the authorship of the *Waverley* novels.

The incident just recorded seems to us to be connected, by no means remotely, with the higher qualities of Mathews as an actor, and the position he occupied for so many years on the English stage. That position was an exceptional one, and arose out of exceptional circumstances. The short summary of his life just given may serve to show that his actual advantages of mind and person, and his many and varied natural accomplishments, were not more remarkable than the preliminary training which he undesignedly received from the circumstances of his early manhood. It must never be overlooked, in trying to estimate the groove within which his artistic powers so easily learned to move, that Mathews did not adopt the stage as a profession till he was over thirty years of age, a time when most actors have been ten years in the arduous pursuit of its earlier phases. He came to the profession, that is to say, without having served the usual apprenticeship. For him there was no probationary period of two years in the provinces at two guineas a week. But he had served another apprenticeship of a most valuable kind. He had had a gentleman's education; he had mixed with men of all classes, including the leading fashionable society of the day. He had been the favoured friend and companion of aristocratic circles. His accomplishments had had full play as an amateur. He could write, and

sing, and draw, and act better than most amateurs. He had studied one art at least with zeal, if not with much chance of attaining ultimate excellence. It was natural therefore that after a few experiments he should settle down into that line of character which circumstances had best prepared him for. His natural advantages were quite remarkable. He had, in his prime, the pleasantest face, the most agreeable voice, the most attractive figure, of any actor of his day. It was a distinct and undeniable pleasure even to look at Charles Mathews. And even before he was seen, when his voice was heard behind the scenes rattling off some introductory phrases before entering on the stage, the spectator was aware of an actual feeling of exhilaration. He was too much of an artist, and too well acquainted with the manners that please, to play at the audience. He never "mugged at the pit" as we once heard him warn Whiskerandos against doing, in the second act of the *Critic*. But he had a way of letting the audience "catch his eye" every now and then, in a good-humoured, apologetic sort of way that was irresistibly captivating. It was not strange that, being a delightful figure in a drawing-room, he should prefer to remain such, and to present for the rest of his life innumerable phases of the same thing. A disparaging remark of one of his Australian auditors is preserved for us in the memoir. The critic, who had seen other performers in Mathews' favourite parts, did not at all take to the original representative when he appeared. "He is not half as good as the old man," said this worthy citizen; "he does not act a bit. It is only like a gentleman walking about a drawing-room." This is in substance only a repetition of the famous criticism of Partridge upon Garrick's Hamlet. The performance was so true to life, that the critic could not allow that it deserved the name of acting at all. The proper reply to the Melbourne gentleman's criticism would have been

to ask him in turn whether he had ever in his life seen any other actor who *did* look like "a gentleman walking about a drawing-room." It was the rarity, quite as much as the perfection, of this gift in Mathews which accounted for his popularity. But, again, he was popular as a man. His very "difficulties" won him sympathy, and that pity which is akin to personal affection. It was known for years that he was entangled in money troubles, and all the time he was seen to be the most industrious of contributors to the public amusement, acting often in two or three pieces the same evening—acting audiences "*in*," and acting them "*out*"—and with the most imperturbable good humour and unflagging spirit. Like Falstaff, "he turned diseases to commodity." His very circumstances were taken advantage of by cunning play-writers and adapters to give a piquant interest to his representation of different characters upon the stage. The character of Mr. Affable Hawk in the *Game of Speculation*—one of the finest of his impersonations—owed unquestionably some of its attractiveness to the coincidences, actual or at least generally accepted, between the circumstances of the character and those of its representative. Mathews himself came to make humorous capital out of his own embarrassments. When he addressed the audience at his farewell benefit, before leaving England on his Australian tour, he called attention to the fact that the performance had been announced without the aid of any advertising, not a single bill or placard had been employed. "Now, this," he said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, is a step in the right direction. Time was when my bills were flying all over the town," and we well remember with what an instantaneous burst of appreciation the allusion was received by the entire house. Twenty years before this he was making the same kind of allusion, and taking the public into the same kind of friendly confidence. In a letter to the news-

papers (not reproduced in Mr. Dickens's volumes), he once had to defend himself against a criticism that had been passed on his spelling of the name "Methuselah" in one of his own comedies, we believe *The Ringdoves*. After gravely maintaining his position on philological grounds, he added words to this effect, "and I think my opinion on the point is entitled to some respect from the long and intimate connection I have had with the Jews." There were times, however when the flavour of insolency that had gathered about his name could not have been altogether pleasant to him. When he was returning to London after his week in Lancaster Castle, he overheard a conversation between two passengers in the same carriage, who did not recognise their travelling companion. "That is where Charley Mathews is confined," said one of them, pointing to the Castle walls. "Really!" said a sympathising lady; "poor fellow!" "Poor fellow!" rejoined the jolly gentleman, with a gingerbread-nut in his mouth, "not at all. He revels in it. Lord bless you, he has been in every prison in England." "I need not say," adds Mathews, who tells the story, "that I did not immediately introduce myself." There was thus a kind of foregone sympathy, not perhaps of the most elevating kind, between Mathews and his public, and this must have contributed to the long and uninterrupted course of his popularity.

There is still more to be said, however, on the side of his Australian critic. "Actor"—in the sense of one who is able to merge his own individuality in very different types of existence—Charles Mathews certainly was not. Within their range his powers were consummate, but that range was, when all is said, exceedingly narrow. It certainly was an extreme case of the triumph of "quality" over "amount." He had, as Sarcey said of him when he played in Paris, "un naturel exquis, et une incroyable finesse," and this carried

him triumphantly through a long series of characters for the most part identical in their features. Mathews himself thoroughly understood within what boundaries his capacity lay, and he was seldom tempted to stray beyond them. He certainly knew as well as his best critics in what qualities he was wholly deficient. "No good actor I have ever seen," says Mr. G. H. Lewes, "was so utterly powerless in the manifestation of all the powerful emotions: rage, scorn, pathos, dignity, vindictiveness, tenderness, and wild mirth are all beyond his means. He cannot even laugh with animal heartiness. He sparkles, he never explodes." Many of these emotions, we may add, if he did not possess the power of expressing, were hardly necessary for any form of high comedy; but some of them, notably pathos and tenderness, were terribly conspicuous by their absence, and more than any other of Mathews' natural deficiencies served to keep his range narrow. Pathos, in particular, he so little understood, that he evidently shrank from its portrayal with something of pain. We remember, for example, his performance of the bachelor-friend, the roaming man of the world who brings such disquiet to the old couple in their country home, in *A Cozy Couple*, the Lyceum version of Octave Feuillet's *Le Village*. As long as he was chattering about the delightful independence of foreign travel, and rallying his friends upon their Darby and Joan existence, he was excellent as usual; but when at the end he had to relate how he was once laid by with fever, in a lonely foreign village, and what different feelings coursed through his mind at that time, we remember how he slurred over what might have been the most charming situation in the comedy, leaving an impression of being utterly uncomfortable, and thankful when the episode was at an end. It is this defect in particular which prevents our instituting any comparison between Mathews and some renowned comedians of the present day upon

the French stage, especially that delightful artist, M. Delaunay, with whom we have lately been enabled to renew our acquaintance. In many natural gifts of face, figure, and the graces of movement, these two actors were well matched, but the points of likeness are soon exhausted. Of *intensity*, Charles Mathews knew nothing: nor can it be fairly said that he was a poetical actor in any real sense. If his acting was akin to any form of poetry, it was to that which the French call "*vers de société*;" but even here we can hardly admit the comparison, for at least since Præd and Thackeray have written we cannot think of this form of lyric verse apart from tenderness and the charm of sadness.

But, after all, a great actor is to be judged by his strong, and not by his weak points, and Mathews's contributions to the advance of his art are tangible enough. He owed it to his early training amid beautiful sights and sounds, amid the landscapes of Italy and the undying forms of beauty which he went there to study, that he was able to be the first to bring artistic considerations to bear on the acting and the mounting of the modern drama. "When I first came upon the stage," he said in one of his many after-dinner speeches, "I found everything conventional. I don't presume to say that I reformed it, but in my own particular, limited line I, for the first time, broke through the old conventionalities, and have lived to see my example followed till they are all nearly, if not quite, exploded." It should never be forgotten what Mathews accomplished in the way of artistic innovation. In costume, scenery, and general appointments, the *régime* of Mathews and Madame Vestris at the Olympic, Covent Garden, and the Lyceum, was memorable, although to Macready belongs the credit of earlier reforms in the same direction. To these two manager-actors we indeed owe it that the acted drama was first made a "thing of beauty" in other respects than those of histrionic excellence, and

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in this change was involved more than that of the pleasure actually afforded to the audience. It enlarged the scope of the stage's sympathies. It brought into connection with it the other arts, and with this brought artists of all kinds into a new relation with one another—a relation fraught with advantage to all concerned. Side by side with the present memoir of Charles Mathews should certainly be read by those who would properly understand the advance of the acted drama during the last forty years, the memoir and journals of Macready. If only to the student of human nature, Macready's "confessions" are among the most profoundly interesting of modern times. In his case, as in that of Mathews, the life which the actor lived, outside of and beyond the strictly professional part of it, was intimately concerned with his qualities as an actor. The two men were radically unlike. Save that they were both actors and managers, and fought strenuously in their respective ways against money difficulties, they had scarcely a point in common. But they both pursued their ideal, different as those ideals were, with zeal and consistency; and both served as a link between many and divers forms of art. It is to them in great part that we owe the encouraging circumstance that the poet, the musician, the painter, and the man of letters are coming more and more to welcome the "poor player" to the ranks of a brother-artist, and to recognise that he may be a fellow-worker with them on equal terms.

And this brings us to the last word which it seems good to say on the lesson of these memoirs, as they bear upon the prospects of the English stage. The success of Mathews, as we have tried to show, was largely due to the fact that he was something more than an actor. If he was lacking in versatility as an actor, he was eminently versatile as a man. He was allied by sympathy, as well as in actual accomplishments, with half-a-dozen other arts; but he was also

allied by sympathy with all sorts of other men, and with many and varied phases of common life. If, during the hard-working years of his career as actor and manager, he was necessarily thrown most with that profession, he had still thirty years of a very different life on which to look back, and from which to draw refreshment. He had reminiscences, if not surroundings, on which to feed his talent. We are persuaded that the gradual elevation of the average of ability, and of *tone*, in the actor's profession depends upon the degree to which the conditions of that profession enable him to take his place on equal terms with his brethren in other walks of art, and with the general current of educated English society. There was a time when the very name of actor, save in a few rare personalities, placed its possessor in a class by himself, and was all but a disqualification for entrance into the common life of the upper classes in England. The very hours during which his art was practised being those devoted elsewhere to social intercourse, proved of itself a very complete barrier between the two classes. But now, as has been lately pointed out with great truth (if we are not mistaken, by the able dramatic critic of the *Athenæum*), an obstacle in the actor's path, of a totally opposite kind, is what he has most to fear. There is now a halo of glory about the head of the successful actor, which obtains for him so ready a welcome and so exaggerated a tribute of homage, that he is in greater danger from flattery, and the eulogiums of unwise friends, than ever he was of old from the respectable world's neglect. Things will right themselves in time, but in the meanwhile the successful actor has many insidious foes about his path. The remedy for this state of things lies, as we have said, in a more *natural* association among artists of all kinds, and between artists and the wholesome, ordinary, common-place friendly intercourse of daily

society. Artists of all kinds have to beware of the demoralising effects of mutual admiration. It fosters vanity, and it fosters jealousy, the two prevailing foibles of artists, and pre-eminently of actors. In the actor's profession, what needs toning down is the *personal* element. Of too many of them in all time it must be admitted—we are sure that the best among them will be the readiest to admit the truth—that their besetting temptation is that expressed in the Laureate's lines—

"It's always ringing in your ears,
'They call this man as good as me'!"

Hitherto there has been some excuse, or at least explanation, of this, in the gulf which has separated the actor from ordinary society. His personal supremacy became his compensation for other things that were denied him and his defence against the educated world's contempt for his profession. But as the dignity of that profession rises, and with it the social position of the actor, the desire for personal supremacy ought to yield to, or at least be tempered by, other gains. Pride in the profession, and a sense of its worthiness, and the worthiness of the work it is doing, ought to take the place in some degree of less ennobling aims. But among other reforms, there is one which in any case ought to be early introduced. An actor should not have to play every night; or, if a continuous "run" of a certain piece is necessary, it should be followed by a period of comparative repose, or at least of alternations of leisure evenings. It is only so that the actor can fill his place in some measure in ordinary society, and obtain the benefit of taking friendly and wholesome part in the common interests of the world, among which, after all, are fostered the best and most healthy development of human character, and therefore the conditions which go to make art also wholesome and fructifying.

A COLLEGE FOR WORKING WOMEN.

FIVE years ago a few ladies and gentlemen took a house in Fitzroy Street, and opened it as a *College for Working Women*. They use the term *College* in accordance with its primary meaning as a *Collection* or *Assembly*, and have made the College a place of assembly for women employed during the day.

Women who earn their living have few opportunities for self-improvement; and yet the means of remedying a defective education, or supplying the want of any education whatever, would often enable them to improve their own position and that of others depending upon them.

Many women in London are young, friendless, and solitary. They lack the stimulus and interest of social life, rational entertainment, and intellectual pursuit. If they supply the want of these in the way that so many learn to do, or deaden their craving for them, they do it at a terrible cost. The College in Fitzroy Street steps in to meet their need, and helps them to make their lives bright and good.

When the work of the day is over, when the shops are closed and the tired shopwomen are free; when the young milliners and dressmakers have completed their task, and the female bookkeepers, telegraph clerks, and post-office clerks leave their desks; when the gold and diamond polishers, the burnishers and gilders, the machinists and bootmakers quit the noisy workrooms; when the hospital nurse, the lady's-maid, the cook, and the housemaid have their evenings out, and the weary teacher closes her books for the day, some two hundred of them find their way to the place of assembly, the collection of women in Fitzroy Street.

That which impels them most

strongly is the need of instruction. They want to improve. About one-third of the number read and write very imperfectly. They have earned their own living almost from childhood, and any rudiments of instruction they may have received are almost effaced. They hear of the College, and come to see what it can do for them.

Take the case of one, a domestic servant, who has spent her "night out" at the College for the last four years, duly and punctually paying the term fees. One evening she surprised her teacher by the gift of half-a-sovereign "for the good of the College, for the good of others, you know, miss."

"Why should you give so much as this out of your wages?" asks the teacher; whereupon the pupil tells her story.

Her mother is a widow, who was left with ten young children, and this pupil of the College had her first "little place" when she was eight years old. She has never been "out of a situation," though she has moved "on and on." She had very little schooling as a child, and quickly forgot what she had learnt; but she always wished to know how to read, and sometimes a kindly mistress or a fellow-servant had helped her. She has a brother at the Cape, a soldier, a good scholar—a sergeant with stripes and medals. He writes home regularly to his mother, and has always begged for news of absent friends, which no one was able to send. The College pupil did her best; but a few lines to say they were alive and well was all that she could manage. Now the four years have enabled her to write a letter without difficulty, to tell her brother "all the news," to keep alive in him the love of home and friends; she

understands his whereabouts in the wide world, on which point she used to be hopelessly in the dark, and she also looks forward to the time when she shall be able to take a situation as housekeeper. And so she gives her ten shillings "for the good of others" whom the College helps, and asks that her contribution may be put down "without a name to it."

There are many who come because they are "ashamed" of not being able to write, or because some one has told them that if they knew how to read they would like books; or because they have heard that there is a very nice lady who has got a class: they don't much care what she teaches, but a friend has told them they would be sure to like that lady. Indeed "liking" is a very important element in the case, and it is in this way that the often unrecognised social instinct works. When you are very tired and dull after a day's work, you want to see the bright, kindly face of some one who is interested in you, and who makes the lesson cheerful. Moreover, when the lesson is ended, there is the Penny Bank, which the teacher tells you about, urging you to remember that a rainy day will come, and you should save a penny whenever you can spare it. There is the coffee-room with its hubbub of voices and laughter, and table covered with periodicals; and there is the lending-library, and a lady who knows all about the books, and will choose one that you will like. Readers who take out books for the first time are particular on this point. They look at a volume suspiciously, and ask if they will be "sure to like it?"

About one-third of those who join the collection of women in Fitzroy Street are learning to read and write. The remaining two-thirds attend classes in grammar, arithmetic, book-keeping, history, geography, drawing, physiology, hygiene, French, Latin, German, singing; in fact, any subject they wish to study, of which the committee approves, and for which a

voluntary teacher can be found. And thus it comes to pass that from October to July every room in the house is occupied by a class of students on every night of the week save Saturday. All the College teachers are unpaid.

Many of these ladies and gentlemen are professional teachers, trained to their work and educated for it; coming when the labours of the day are over to give the best they have for the love of service, and as a voluntary ministrations to the need of others.

Many are amateurs, with a gift for teaching which, under favourable circumstances, is rapidly developed into special proficiency. All are welcome. In fact, there is only one kind of volunteer to be guarded against, and that is the unpunctual person who comes late or not at all; who sends a telegram to an assembled class, or a letter which reaches the office at ten o'clock at night after the class has dispersed. The man or woman who is likely to stay away if it is wet, or cold, or windy, or even for a concert or a ball, should pause and reflect before offering help to others.

"I thought some one would take my class," says such a one; taking it for granted that the College has a store-closet, like a prudent housewife, and upon an emergency can produce a supernumerary teacher.

Or, "I thought it was so wet no one would come."

Or, "The night was so very bad; it really did not seem worth while to make such an effort in order to give a spelling-lesson to a few women."

"Don't make the effort," is the only reply that can be given to such a one; "don't make it at all."

Such work should be undertaken not by those who are willing to come out on fine evenings when they have nothing else to do, but by a far more earnest and sympathetic class of helpers. Moreover, it is not the case that teachers come to a small bare room to give a reading-lesson to a few young women. The pupils who await

them have not been kept back by wind or snow, by rain or frost; they have come long distances on foot in the cold of winter, or after the trying heat of a summer's day; they are tired, exhausted, often depressed at the hopelessness of the task they have undertaken, the almost insurmountable barrier of ignorance which impedes progress, and if they learn anything from a teacher, they learn much more than he professes to teach. They learn that life is, and ought to be, something more than mere living, less for one's self, and more for others; they learn to sympathise with deeds of thoughtful love, to understand the meaning of self-sacrifice, to know that, although wealth and station seem to separate the rich and the poor, yet God has made of one blood all the dwellers upon the earth. More than one of the students has learnt from her teacher to think of "the good of others." Many have given from their scanty store, and many others have devoted time to the objects which the College seeks to promote.

It seems difficult to account for the fact that teachers of reading, writing, and spelling are more unpunctual, than those who take the advanced classes. There are ladies and gentlemen among the latter who have not once been absent from any cause save illness during the whole period of their ministration; and at present there is not one irregular or unpunctual teacher out of the whole number. On the contrary, they come from long distances, make great sacrifices, return to London before the usual time, and leave it late in the summer, in order "not to disappoint my class."

Possibly the more intelligent pupils inspire more interest, but the patient industry of an ignorant girl or woman also deserves respect and consideration. The knowledge of grammar, geography, or French are not of more importance to a young woman than that of reading and writing, and ought not to be considered of more

importance; but the fact remains that all teachers of the former subjects tend to regularity, and that hitherto the majority of the latter tend in an opposite direction, though with noble and noteworthy exceptions.

The College is a collection of students. It seeks to supply the need of instruction and improvement felt by a few women in every class. But it does more than this: it seeks to promote culture, to teach habits of prudence and forethought; it gives thoughtful women an opportunity of meeting each other and forming valuable friendships, and it offers healthy and rational entertainment as a recreation to the older, and a means of guiding and forming the tastes of its younger members.

The College is in union with the Society of Arts. Examinations are held within its walls, free of cost to students, who can obtain certificates and prizes. There are free lending and reference libraries, open to students every night in the week except Saturday. Books, or money to purchase them, have been given by many friends; and grants of money for the purchase of books have been received from the trustees of the *Gilchrist Fund* and of *Rebecca Hussey*. There are now about 600 volumes in the library, and more than a hundred readers. Wholesome fiction is freely supplied, and is greatly in request; there is also a fair demand for poetry, biography, history, and travels.

Every night in the week, except Saturday, a branch of the Penny Bank is open in the office. Lectures by Mr. Geo. C. P. Bartley and Mr. J. G. Fitch have done much to draw the attention of the students to the possibility of thrift and economy, and the duty of it. During the past year 107 students deposited 118*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.*, which, with 276*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.* already in the bank, makes a total of 395*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.* A considerable part of this sum has recently been withdrawn, on account of hard times and slack work; but those who have known the advantage

of a reserve fund in time of need say that they will try never to be without it, and in most cases a small sum has been left as a "nest egg."

The College offers, as we have said, possibilities for social intercourse. There is a coffee-room, well lighted and warmed; in the new house there will also be a reading-room, open every night from seven to ten. These are the College hours for all classes and all the work now carried on. The coffee-room offers a possibility of tea, coffee, and bread and butter; but an assemblage of women differs from one of the other sex. They don't smoke, and they don't want anything to eat or drink. Women have not acquired the habit, or have not got the means, of spending money on superfluous stimulants or food; and a cup of tea or coffee with bread and butter for three-halfpence does not tempt them. They "have meals at home," they say, and an occasional "exception" only "proves this rule."

The coffee-room table is furnished with books and periodicals. The *Daily News*, the *Standard*, and *Good Words* are regularly provided by one friend; the *Illustrated London News* and *Macmillan's Magazine* by another. Stray numbers of the *Graphic*, of the comic papers, of some of the monthlies, find their way thither, and are welcome. After they have done duty in the coffee-room, the weekly papers go to a neighbouring workhouse-infirmary, where they are eagerly welcomed by the poor inmates. The consecutive monthly journals are bound; all odd numbers and superfluous waste-paper are sold, and the pence they bring help to re-bind and keep in good repair the well-worn library volumes.

Saturday is a free evening. No classes are held on it; the library and Penny Bank are not open. It is the night set apart for social entertainment. Concerts, lectures, readings, recitations, dramatic performances—all have been offered to and accepted by the committee, and all eagerly

welcomed by the students. They are preceded one and all by tea at eight o'clock, a tea to which the College invites its guests, and a pleasant half-hour in the coffee-room, when teachers, friends, and pupils learn to know each other.

Refreshments are paid for from the Entertainment Fund, which has hitherto been mainly furnished through the kindness of Madame Antoinette Sterling, who, when she sings to the students, allows tickets of admission to be sold for the benefit of this fund. After tea comes the difficult task of packing a large audience into two rooms on the first-floor. Teachers and students believe these rooms to be elastic; however full they may be, it is always possible to squeeze in a few more persons, and none save the teachers, have ever been known to spend the whole evening on the staircase outside the door.

Many readers will be interested in the tables of occupations and attendance subjoined. They will see that during the "season," that is, from May to July, the numbers fall off in all classes, and that the busy time of the College is from October to April. The occupations of the students and members during one year are as follows:—

| | |
|---|-----|
| Artificial flower, feather, and toy-makers . . . | 5 |
| Bookbinders, folders, and compositors . . . | 6 |
| Bookkeeper | 1 |
| China painters, gilders, japanners, hair workers | 7 |
| Clerks and newspaper agent | 4 |
| Domestic servants | 30 |
| Embroiderers, lace milliners, and jewel-case liners | 8 |
| Hospital nurses | 9 |
| Machinists | 18 |
| Needlewomen, dress and mantle-makers, milliners, &c. | 107 |
| Shopwomen | 26 |
| Stationers, tobacconist, and fancy trades . . . | 6 |
| Surgical-instrument makers | 4 |
| Teachers and pupil-teachers | 38 |
| No occupation stated ¹ | 107 |
| | 376 |

¹ Nearly all employed in housework or needlework at their own homes.

TABLE OF CLASS ATTENDANCE.

| SUBJECTS. | FOURTH YEAR. October 1877, to July 1878. | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|--------------|-------------|--------------|
| | First Term. | Second Term. | Third Term. | Fourth Term. |
| Arithmetic | 43 | 51 | 50 | 47 |
| Bookkeeping | 16 | 18 | 26 | 24 |
| Drawing | 11 | 16 | 11 | 8 |
| French | 37 | 40 | 35 | 29 |
| German | 4 | — | 1 | 1 |
| Geography | 17 | 18 | 15 | — |
| Grammar | 54 | 51 | 42 | 25 |
| History (English) | 8 | 10 | 13 | 11 |
| Latin | 6 | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| Literature (English) . . . | 9 | 5 | 4 | — |
| Physics and Hygiene . . . | — | — | 25 | 28 |
| Singing | 50 | 31 | 28 | 22 |
| Writing | 69 | 48 | 40 | 35 |
| Reading and Spelling . . . | 84 | 73 | 75 | 42 |
| Total of Entries to Classes | 408 | 365 | 370 | 246 |
| Total of Students | 206 | 106 | 203 | 151 |

Five years ago the College was established in a house of which a short lease had been procured. That lease expired at Christmas, 1878, and it became necessary for the committee to find a house in the same locality. If they had wished to open a tavern or a gin-palace they would have found no difficulty in obtaining suitable premises; but any attempt to promote education, or to establish any kind of educational institute, is guarded against by all large owners of property in London. It is impossible to obtain permission to open a school on the Duke of Bedford's estate, and extremely difficult on many others. Some day landlords will learn that grammar is not so much to be dreaded as gin, but that day has not yet dawned; and it was only after considerable difficulty, and by means of very generous effort, that the treasurer of the College obtained a forty years' lease of the premises No. 7, Fitzroy Street.

The annual rent of this house is 115*l.*, and before the lease was granted 600*l.* had to be expended in repairs. A large part of this sum has been already given, more is promised, and the remainder will certainly be forthcoming. Annual subscriptions and

donations will not fail. No work set on foot for the good of others, and which meets a real need, is allowed in England to perish. It will receive needful support, and is as a seed, which will in due time bring forth abundantly. The Evening College for Women at South Kensington has already sprung from the example of our College in Fitzroy Street. Every great centre of work and activity in London ought to have such a place of assembly for working women.

When the repairs are completed the College will, at a low rent, occupy premises of the annual value of 170*l.* With increased accommodation and commodious rooms the Committee hope greatly to extend their work, to open a Cookery School, much needed in the neighbourhood, and to offer facilities for the establishment of technical classes in women's work during the day time.

The Kyrle Society has kindly consented to undertake the decoration of two large rooms on the first-floor; and Miss Callwell has offered to decorate the coffee-room and office. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of making the classrooms, the coffee-room, the reading-room, the hall and staircase, and office beautiful. Beautiful objects should greet the tired eyes and weary brain, and refresh them. The knowledge that this beauty has been provided by the loving service of others will revive many a drooping heart and spirit.

Moreover, how shall the temptations of this great city and its lighted halls be neutralised save by the efforts of those who join together to withdraw the young from the dull and lonely lives which so often betray them to ruin? If kind friends are ready with bright, loving welcome, they will find it easy to lead young women to love that which is good and noble, and to be contented with wholesome, happy entertainments; and they will also find that the pleasure of those who give is as great as of those who receive.

The students, whose small fees for classes and membership often represent sharp economy, and who give time and attention after the work of the day is over; and the teachers, who, in addition to time and money and thought for the educational part of the work, devote so much generous care to bringing beauty in art, music, and literature home to their pupils, have between them made the College all that it is, and will make it all that it hopes to become.

It is impossible to close this brief record of five years' work without an allusion to the honoured name of one by whom all the early efforts on behalf of women were inaugurated.

When the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice originated the scheme of *Queen's College*, Harley Street, he laid the foundation upon which has been based the higher education of women of all classes.

When he founded the *College for Working Men* in Great Ormond Street he associated with it classes for working women. The classes for women, which were separate from those of the men, were discontinued after a time. But the work that had been begun was taken up by the Working Women's College in Queen Square, and carried on until, in 1874, a majority of the

council of that College resolved to throw it open to men as well as women, and try the experiment of mixed education. It was then that the College in Fitzroy Street took up the work, and resolved that there should still be an institution in London devoted exclusively to the improvement and culture of working women; a place of resort for those who, either from their own scruples or those of friends, objected to mixed evening classes.

The desire to raise in this College a living monument to him whose efforts on behalf of women never ceased, and whose interest in all that pertained to their improvement and culture was never diminished, has been the leading motive of some who have worked in it. His influence has upheld and guided them under discouragement and difficulty, and enabled them to meet and overcome opposition. The work which he has begun will not fail. So long as there are lonely and uneducated women, so long will there be some to step forward and seek to make their lives luminous with love and knowledge; and so long will there be some to recall with ardent and grateful affection the honoured name of Frederick Denison Maurice.

FRANCES MARTIN.

THE MALAKANI; OR, SPIRITUAL CHRISTIANS IN EASTERN RUSSIA.

"THE Russian Government has invited the Malakani, a sect of milk-drinkers, to settle in the Kars district." The sect to which this recently-issued telegram of Reuter's office¹ refers, having most of its adherents in certain villages of Eastern and Southern Russia, was introduced to the notice of the British public by Mr. Wallace, who, in 1872, visited several of its congregations, and held colloquies with the elders. The Malakani's Presbyterian organisation, their familiarity with the Bible, the eagerness, earnestness, and shrewdness displayed by them in controversy, strongly reminded Mr. Wallace of his Scotch home and elicited his lively sympathy. Nor are their own countrymen less favourably disposed towards them—a fact all the more remarkable, as the Russian law classes the Malakani among the most pernicious sects, and as their wealth might be supposed to arouse envy. What fixes the eyes of Europeans, as well as of Russians, upon them, is indeed the unqualified praise bestowed upon them by every one; and the sharp contrast universally acknowledged to exist between them and their surroundings. In order to enable the reader to understand this, we must begin by throwing a glance on the other peasants of the East Russian steppes.

Those other peasants are in no respect much above, and in some important points decidedly below, the neighbouring Kirghis nomads. Their villages, very similar to the winter quarters of well-to-do Kirghis, are as grey and uniform as nomad encampments. The low, lengthy huts, with roofs of half-rotten thatch, are built

of mud mixed with chopped straw, and stand in vast irregular yards, inclosed by crumbling walls of the same material. Only a few two-storied wooden houses belonging to corn-dealers and usurers somewhat diversify the long winding rows of mud huts and mud walls. No grass, no tree, not even a kitchen garden enlivens such a village; and its soil, either buried in snow, or parched, cracked, and covered with a thick layer of dust, or turned by snow and rain into a quagmire, is far drearier than even the sunburnt steppe on which the nomad pitches his felt tent. It is difficult to say whether that tent or the hut is more scantily furnished, and as regards every kind of disgusting disorder the hut is unquestionably worse than the tent. Even the domestic economies of the peasant and the nomad are surprisingly similar. The peasant is in perpetual search for fresh land; he cultivates the same field only two years in succession, and then leaves it for a number of years, until, by thus lying fallow, it has recovered sufficient fertility—a system exactly alike in principle to the nomad's wandering in quest of fresh grassplots. Still more in accordance with nomad usages is the peasant's pasturing. The animals of all the families in the village are intrusted to shepherds and herdsmen hired by the community, who drive them as long as the season permits over the far-stretching village commons. These herds and flocks, the peasant's only means of investment—for they spend nothing on the improvement of their agriculture, and the land itself is partly community-land distributed for cultivation, partly rented—are a very precarious kind of property in these

¹ Dated St. Petersburg, January 21st, 1879; see *Times* and other newspapers of the 23rd.

regions, where the cattle plague is endemic, and where the scum of all the nationalities on the steppe, Russians, Malorossians, Germans, Tatars, Kirghis, Kalmouks, unite in horsestealing, passing the booty rapidly from hand to hand until it disappears in some nomad herd often hundreds of miles from where it was taken. Another mighty impediment to the peasants' economical progress is their savage-like improvidence. They no doubt dispose of masses of land which to the European farmer would appear fabulous, and therefore require no manure. These advantages, however, are widely outbalanced by the distance of markets and the uncertainty of prices; by a winter so severe and capricious that little more than five months are left for agricultural labour; by droughts, untimely frosts, sudden blights, rust, mice; in years of good growth, enormously dear labour and wet autumns, an average yield less than a third of that habitual in England; bad years being the rule, and somewhat satisfactory ones the exception, and at least one harvest in ten returning less than the seed. These things are of course well known to the peasant; and yet, after every harvest, he is, as long as the money lasts, in a state of bestial besottedness, accompanied on festive days by coarse feasting on a grand scale. The total result is that the increase of wealth scarcely keeps pace with the growth of population, and that the aspect of the peasant's life is as stationary as in Asia. The peasant's religion, though called Christian, is far more heathenish in its practices and superstitions than the by no means pure Mohammedanism of the Kirghis; and while these nomads mostly receive some kind of instruction from their mullahs, the minds of the peasants remain entirely uncultivated. Their morality is such as under these circumstances may be expected. That every man is a thief is, according to a proverb current among them, a matter of course; no one would tell the truth

where a lie seems more profitable; and the brute passions, though somewhat hidden by a superficial kindness, assert their rule on every occasion, and sometimes burst out with fearful fury. Thus, not long ago, a troop of peasants from some of the villages we are here speaking of tried to put a stop to horsestealing by striking terror into the souls of the Kirghis. Armed and on horseback, and having drunk a whole tun—140 gallons—of spirits, they sallied forth into the Kirghis territory and murdered every man, woman, and child they could lay hands on, seizing the babes by the legs and hurling their heads against those of their parents. Such is the civilisation in the midst of which the Malakani live, for those very villages from which the expedition just described was recruited are noted abodes of Malakanism; and at a distance of about sixty miles from them is Alexandroff Gai, where Mr. Wallace, guided by the Russian friends with whom he was travelling, went to hold his principal conference with the Malakan elders.

That town-like village is indeed specially fit to impress the stranger, for here the Malakani have, favoured by exceptional circumstances, been able to settle in a quarter of their own, apart from the other inhabitants, and to build up, out of the same materials which the surrounding barbarism employs, a civilised life well adapted to the opportunities and requirements of the steppe on the border of Asia. The streets in the Malakan quarter of Alexandroff Gai, though straight and of great breadth and considerable length, do not contain many houses; the yards being of unusual vastness even here. The walls, extending from house to house, by which these yards are separated from the streets, as well as the stables, barns, and granaries within the yards, though built of mud-bricks, are even, regular, and in good repair; and the whole homestead, however strange to the European eye, on account of the enormous waste of space,

the long, low, earth-coloured farm-buildings, the absence of verdure, the unwonted human figures—peasants with long beards, dressed in cotton shirts and wide baggy breeches, and horsemen in Kirghis array, and with Mongol features—differs most markedly from the dilapidation and wild disorder customary in Russian farm-yards. As regards the houses, the best of them, similar in shape to those of the dealers in other parts of Alexandroff Gai, are wooden, brightly painted, two-storied, with an outside staircase leading to the gallery which runs along the upper story; and over that story a garret with a small balcony—altogether a stately-looking building. The second-rate houses, one-storied and of weather-stained wood, and the still poorer huts of mud bricks, are remarkable only by their neatness. The centre of the upper story in the best houses is formed by a large hall-like room with broad benches along the walls and one or two tables. Here prayer-meetings are held and guests are received. On either side of the hall is a good-sized room, inhabited, the one by the elder, the other by the younger members of the family. On the ground-floor are the kitchen and the store-rooms. The whole house is neat and orderly; and the poorer houses, though less attractive, are also pleasant and homelike. The dress of the inhabitants is analogous to their abode; that is to say, it differs from that of the other peasants only in neatness and substantiality, not in material or cut. All the clothes—with the exception of the elderly men's cloth caftans, the baggy trousers of black cotton velvet or other thick cotton stuff, and the sheepskin furs—are made of cotton prints or scarlet cottonades, and the men are girt with twisted woollen shawls. Yet, in spite of this attire, and of the hair dressed and cut, and the beards worn just as other peasants have them, the fact that the Malakani are very different from their fellow-villagers is apparent at the first sight of most of them, in the honest beaming eyes, the

mild expression of the faces, and the frankness of the address, though that is somewhat subdued by a but too easily explicable shyness.

The Malakani's prosperity is owing to their intelligence, their frugality, to the confidence they enjoy, to the unity within their families, and to their mutual assistance. In Alexandroff Gai, where, notwithstanding the abundance of land, there is much poverty among the other peasants, every Malakan household is at least above need; and the twelve wealthiest Malakan families hold together 200,000 acres of crown land, the individual holdings varying between 3,000 and 40,000 acres. Each of these vast tracts is used principally for cattle or sheep-breeding, and a small part for wheat-growing in the above-described fashion; that is to say, every year some of the pasture is turned into fields, and each field, after having been cultivated for two years, is again turned into pasture. The cattle, 300 to 500 on the largest holdings, and the still more numerous sheep, are placed in the hands of Kirghis herdsmen, who, having felt tents, horses, and some cattle of their own, encamp the whole year on the steppe, and, living exactly like other Kirghis, perform their herdsmen's duties on horseback. Their pay is quite sufficient for their small wants; and they, as well as the numerous farm-servants and labourers in the Malakani's employ, are faithful to their masters because they are treated, not as beasts of burden, but as fellow-men. "We feed our work-people with beef," said one of the largest Malakan farmers to me, "because what tastes sweet to us also tastes sweet to them."

Such farming as that which I have just described is possible only in a very thinly-inhabited part, where land may be had from the crown at a yearly rent of about 2*d.* an acre. In the somewhat more westerly districts, life is not so easy; but there are other advantages of which the Malakani avail themselves with much energy and skill. My host, in one of

the villages which shared in the murdering raid into the Kirghis territory, devotes his attention to a variety of pursuits. Land in that neighbourhood, which, though sixty miles further westward than Alexandroff Gai, is nearly sixty miles from the Volga, is proportionably dear (10s. an acre yearly rent for the best land), on account of the competition of the German colonies in the vicinity. Yet my host, nothing daunted, extends his farming from year to year, and has now 600 acres under wheat, recouping himself by the high quality of his produce, part of which he sells for seed. He owns two flour-mills. When cattle are cheap he takes to slaughtering, and sells the hides, tallow, and meat. The village fair is leased to him, and he lets the permanent booths and the places for temporary stalls. His house, similar to the best houses in Alexandroff Gai, is used by him for receiving travellers, chiefly corn-dealers, from the ports on the Volga whom he attracts by assisting them in their purchases, and by the fairness of his terms. Some Malakani have large orchards systematically tended and watered, and producing rich harvests of valuable apples; some are carriers, some are tanners and dealers in leather, some are carpenters, some are house-painters; some of the women make thick velvety rugs for which they themselves dye the wool; and whatever the Malakani undertake, every one likes to have intercourse with them, convinced of the soundness of their labour and of their faithfulness in keeping their word—rare satisfactions in Eastern Russia. My own business transactions with two of my Malakan hosts strongly reminded me of some of the best traits of European life. I had furnished my room, in the house of one of them, with the articles necessary for a few months' stay; and when I was going to leave, I asked the landlady how to dispose of the furniture. "How much do you want for it?" asked she. I named the prices for each article. "I shall take them at those prices," answered she, without any attempt at

haggling. The second affair is still more characteristic. I had lived five weeks with my host, Athanas Gavrilovitch Orloff, the owner of the two flour-mills mentioned above. Our agreement was that I was to pay three roubles a week for board and lodging; it however happened that I was, by various misunderstandings with my banker, nearly without money, and had not paid Orloff anything until my departure, and he knew that I had then only twenty-five roubles. In consequence of this situation the following dialogue took place:—

The evening before my departure I said: "Here are twenty-five roubles, take fifteen and return me ten."

Ath. Gavr. "I have not time just now."

Thereupon in the morning:

I. "Here are twenty-five roubles, take fifteen and return me ten."

Ath. Gavr. takes the money reluctantly, and saying nothing, brings back eighteen roubles.

I. "You have made a mistake, here are eighteen roubles instead of ten."

Ath. Gavr. "No, don't you see, three roubles a week I take from the corn-dealers, who give me no end of trouble; how could I take so much from you?"

The Malakani's family life moves in the same patriarchal form as that of the other peasants. Not only the unmarried children, but also the married sons and their sons and unmarried daughters are under the progenitor's roof and rule. But while this organisation is in other Russian peasant families a source of brutal and capricious despotism, and of endless quarrels and heartburnings, it is in the Malakani's home ideally harmonious. Its principal traits here are the zeal of the paterfamilias to fulfil his duties with dignity and with equal justice and affection towards the whole household; his family's loving reverence for him; the high position of his wife; the total equality between daughters and sons—in spite of the harsh treatment of the female sex under the Russian law—and the absolutely free choice of partners in matrimony. The contrasts between the Malakani and the other peasants become still more striking when we enter into the details of their

daily lives. The delight of the other peasants is the squalid tumultuous dram-shop; in their homes, bestiality, noise, and filth; a coarse show of opulence one day, and misery a few days after; ferocious domestic despotism and the vices engendered by it, are constantly to be witnessed. The flow of the Malakani's life, on the contrary, is so still and even that Europeans, accustomed to hurry and turmoil, cannot imagine it. Work performed without haste, and yet steadily, and in willing co-operation with all the members of the family; instruction of the children by their parents, prayers, psalm-singing, colloquies on religious subjects, reading of the Bible, and congregational assemblies, constitute the Malakani's whole existence. Their religious exercises, showing none of the enthusiasm and the self-consciousness which appear to us essential to sectarian piety, are for them inexhaustible sources of quiet enjoyment.

The Malakan religion exceeds all other religions in the want of established outward marks, and is therefore not easy to describe. It certainly bears some trace of the sources from which it sprang, that is to say, of the influence of two older sects—the one originated by the teaching of English Quakers in Moscow, the other Judaism. But since the foundation of Malakanism a century has elapsed, and the remnants of those influences are now of small significance for its essence; and in comparing Malakanism with other religions, we obtain little more than negations. The Malakani abhor image-worship, have no priests, no dogma, no sacraments, no symbols of faith, no consecrated forms of worship, no sacred buildings, no peculiar dress and manner, and do not imagine themselves to be inspired by the Holy Ghost. Although their congregational meetings mostly take place on Sundays and other great Church holidays, they do not scruple to transact business on those days; and any day appears to them fit for congregational devotion. Even their Presbyterianism,

very unlike that of the Calvinists, scarcely deserves the name of a constituted Church government. For their elders are simply old men, well read in the Scriptures, who owe their authority to tacit consent, not to election; and it is not easy to draw a line where eldership begins. Mere negations cannot, however, give an idea of Malakanism; and we must try to collect its positive traits.

Its outward form is the very extreme of plainness. The locality where the congregation assembles is, as a rule, one of the hall-like rooms; but a smaller room, or a yard, or even a field, also answers the purpose. The service is described in the following manner by a witness who often saw it celebrated:—

“In the large room where the assembly is going to take place a table is covered with a white cloth, and upon it a number of Bibles and psalters are placed. When the presiding elder enters the room, all the others rise and salute him by bending their heads; he also bends his head, and all pray in silence. He then proceeds to his seat, indicates the chapters of the prophets, the Psalms, the New Testament to be read; after the reading he points out the Psalms or chapters intended to be sung; all then go nearer to the table. The singing itself is melancholy, resembling that of popular ballads. After the singing there is again some reading, and then a prayer, likewise composed of Bible verses. At the end of the prayer the whole congregation, led by the elder, prostrate themselves. Some other prayers are performed kneeling.”

My own experience of Malakani congregational worship is slightly different from this description, but agrees with its most prominent trait, the total absence of settled liturgical forms and of an established order. No one knows before the beginning of the service what is going to be read and sung. The presiding elder himself chooses the texts during the service. Not unfrequently several elders preside,

and the choice is made by consultation, or sometimes alternately by the one, sometimes by the other. Colloquial commentaries, principally by the elders, on the passages which have been read, are not uncommon. Most congregations have a few traditional prayers in prose, and some religious songs, which are occasionally, according to the presiding elder's choice, employed in the service. More settled, and even approaching to a liturgical ritual, are the services for weddings, the reception of the new-born, and burial. But the presiding elder is here also at liberty to choose and alter as he deems appropriate. Family devotion is still more devoid of set rules. It is not usual in Malakan families to gather regularly for any purpose; and even the meals are about as uncertain and prolonged as breakfast in an English country mansion where there are many visitors. There are, therefore, no established usages for saying grace, nor is there anything at all akin to English morning and evening family worship. All the above-mentioned private religious exercises are quite free, according to each member's own choice. Even fasts are kept in the same way. They are self-imposed penances, and though, like the Jewish fasts, consisting in total abstinence from food, often last several days. The only other remnant of Judaism in the congregations I have here more specially in view, is a peremptory objection to pork. In some other congregations, however, the Saturday Sabbath is kept exactly as in Jewish houses, and even minute details of Jewish Sabbath-customs are observed. Some congregations in the Caucasus even used, twenty years ago, to have certain Hebrew prayers, and perhaps have them still.

The three great events of family life—marriage, birth, and death, are, as I have already said, consecrated by congregational worship; and the marriage ceremony, though absolutely colourless, is very impressive. The whole congregation assembles in one of the vast yards, and its representative on this occasion is the very oldest

man, white-haired, trembling, and so all the more venerable. This service is very lengthy, and consists principally of prayers, composed of Bible verses, which the elder reads, the congregation joining only in the *amens* and prostrations. The burial service is less long, but else of a similar nature.

As regards the doctrines professed by the Malakani, they cannot properly be said to have any other established faith than that the Bible is God's word, and ought therefore to be obeyed. The teaching derived by them from this axiom is not at all dogmatical, but merely practical, and exclusively consists in the application of the commands of the gospel to the duties of every-day life, an endeavour in which they have acquired a great proficiency, even their young people, girls especially, vieing with each other in the quoting of texts. The practical lessons thus deduced are well fitted to meet with the approval of the educated—whether religious or not—in western Europe. Their treatment of what we call "the rights of the female sex," is especially remarkable. Such "rights" they do not acknowledge, because, as they instinctively feel, religion teaches only duties, not rights; and yet they manage to assure to women as lofty a position as any enthusiast could desire. The matrimonial relations are based upon the rule that "the husband ought to love his wife as Christ loves His Church." This rule is not only accepted and applied throughout private life, but is also the source of the juridical decisions of elders and congregations in questions of marriage law. The reason alleged for granting equal advantages to daughters and sons is that "God commands us to love all our children alike, and that therefore to give a preference to sons would be sinful." All the other teachings are analogous to these. A superficial observer might however be misled into the belief that besides these practical lessons, there is in Malakanism, as in other religions, some formulated dogmatical creed. For there are scores of Malakan

professions of faith, much more similar to each other than the creeds of the various branches of Calvinism. But all of them form part of those enormously voluminous secret documents of the Ministry of the Interior relating to the criminal prosecutions and police investigations of sectarianism, some specimens of which, stolen from the archives, were published by Kelsieff, one of Herzen's followers (4 vols. London, Trübner & Co., 1860-1862). The Russian law considers sectarian propagandism as a crime, and the Malakani as sectarians of the most dangerous kind; and thousands of reports and protocols of criminal inquests into Malakanism, therefore, exist in the head office and the branch offices of the Ministry of the Interior, to whose functions those inquests, which were indeed more administrative than juridical, appertained till not long ago. The inquisitors were of course obliged to ask the accused, "What is your faith?" and the accused were obliged to answer. All these professions of faith are therefore in fact answers to questions of men belonging to the orthodox Church, although their form does not always indicate it. *E.g.*—

"*Priests and Bishops.*—'We have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession' (Heb. iv. 14).

"*Images.*—We have a priceless image, the Son of God, 'Who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature' (Coloss. i. 15).

"*Censer and Incense.*—Our incense consists in prayers. 'Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense' (Ps. cxli. 2)."

The scarcely veiled meaning of the above and of a number of similar answers is: "We do not accept the rites and dogmas of the established Church, because they are not in accordance with the Bible." Besides such negations there is in these professions of faith a much more positive element; for instance:

"*Baptism.*—The soul's diving into God's word and love.

"*Communion.*—The soul's partaking in the good word of God.

"*Confession.*—The prayer addressed to Jesus that He may act as Mediator for the forgiveness of sin."

Although these answers fully agree with the Malakani's convictions, we should be much mistaken if we considered them as their intellectual property. They are, indeed, nothing but the petrified remnants of the doctrines of *Duchoborts*i (spiritual warriors), the older sect, from which Malakanism sprang. That sect, which, as already said, derived its origin from Quaker teaching, is perhaps even more remarkable than the Malakani. Its principal abode, on the *Molotchnaya river*, in the Crimea, was visited in 1818 by the Quaker R. Allen and two other Quakers, and in 1842 by Baron Haxthausen; and all these travellers were astonished by the *Duchoborts*i's mystical speculations and the dialectical subtlety with which they defended them. The Malakani, on the contrary, are as far as possible from being great thinkers. They no doubt show some adroitness in fencing with the orthodox clergy; but their principal arm in such disputes is their own absolute incapacity to follow up a theological argument. They drive their adversaries—themselves no very great lights—to despair by persistently misunderstanding them, and by over and over again repeating the same texts. Malakanism is an entirely practical and absolutely undogmatical religion. It takes its foundation for granted, and makes no effort to investigate it.

All the Malakani can and do read; but having no literature of their own except some manuscript prayers and religious songs, they must look elsewhere for intellectual food; and the choice made by them throws a curious light on their intellectual sphere, proving how completely they are cut off from the general movement. Besides Bibles and psalters in Slavonic—the same which are used in the orthodox Church—New Testaments, and a few parts of the Old Testament in modern Russian, and still fewer commentaries on the whole or part of the Gospels, all of them likewise

published by the orthodox Church, the Malakani read, as far as I was able to discover, only four books—the *Magazine of all the Amusements*, the *Writings of Skovoroda*, *Jung Stilling's Autobiography*, and *Livanoff's Essays on Russian Sects*. The latter author, though employed by the Government to attack sectarianism, and having for that purpose free access to the archives of the Ministry of the Interior, extols the Malakani almost beyond measure, and draws, with wonderful audacity, ironical parallels between them and the adherents of the established Church. The *Magazine of all the Amusements* is a collection of astrological, chiromantical, and other mantic tracts, apparently translated about fifty years ago from much older German publications. *Skovoroda* was a Cossack, a quaint Christian philosopher and poet of the last century. *Jung Stilling's Autobiography* was translated into Russian in 1815, and was in high favour with the mystics of St. Petersburg. It probably reached the Malakani from Sarepta, the Hernhut colony on the river Volga; and an adversary of the Malakani asserts that they at one time prized that book above the Gospel. Malakan owners of books certainly glory a little too much in the possession of these treasures, frequently mixing scraps from them with their conversation. For though quite without spiritual pride, they are not free from a naïve, childlike vanity.

The Malakan congregational organisation is, according to their own opinion, the counterpart of the organisation of the early Church, and the resemblance is undeniable, because there is some similarity between the two situations. The Malakani, long accustomed to be treated by the law as dangerous sectarians, and to be deprived of many of the natural rights of unoffending men, look upon the Emperor and the Government much as the early Christians did, scrupulously obeying the authorities and laws, but obeying them as strangers. They call

the established Church "Russian," and its adherents "Russians," just as if they themselves were foreigners. Their congregational assemblies have for that very reason a signification very similar to that which the "ecclesia" had for the early Christians. We have already seen that marriages and births are consecrated by the congregation; and these public acts have, in the eyes of the Malakani, a not merely sacramental, but also a legal authority: nay, the Government itself, having no other means to ascertain the status of Malakan families, accords—though not openly and distinctly—some weight to those acts. All legal disputes between Malakani are brought before the congregation; and the elders are in their jurisdiction guided by their notions of Bible law; for the Bible is their only law-book, and when they sit in judgment it is constantly in their hands. The congregational assembly also admits new members, exercises a disciplinary authority, and receives confessions of sin. That no regular contributions are raised, and that the elders are entirely unpaid, are other important points of resemblance between the church government of the Malakani and that of the early Christians. The education of the young is not among the functions of the congregation; there neither are, nor ever were, any Malakani schools, but the somewhat desultory instruction of the Malakani children is performed solely by their relatives.

Malakanism originated about a century ago, and its beginnings are fit to form the theme of a stirring novel. Its founder, the village tailor Uklein, left his legitimate wife to marry the daughter and become one of the principal followers of the village heresiarch Hilarion Pobirochin, a wealthy peasant in one of the villages of the province of Tamboff (to the south-east of Moscow). Pobirochin had, during a residence in Poland, been imbued by some of the mystics of that country with ideas belonging rather to India than to Europe. On his return to his

native village he placed himself at the head of the Duchobortsi of those parts, who, at that time, divided and uncertain in their doctrines, were, with the submissiveness of Russian peasants, disposed to accept the commands of his despotic will. He taught that there is no God, save in the persons of the righteous; that when one of these dies another one is born into whom the deceased's soul passes, while the souls of the lawless pass into the bodies of animals. Himself he considered as the incarnation of the Son of God. In order to enforce these doctrines he was surrounded by twelve unconditionally devoted adherents, called the "angels of death," who maintained his authority by means of threats, blows, and even murder. Uklein, disgusted by Pobirochin's forbidding his followers to read the Bible, soon fell out with him. In one of the congregational meetings he opposed his father-in-law so violently, that only the alarm raised by the housewife saved him from the clutches of the "angels of death."

The teachings of the Duchobortsi, independently of Pobirochin's extravagances, are, as I have already pointed out, nearly akin to those of the Quakers, and these same doctrines formed the fundamental stock with which Uklein started when founding his new sect. He however reverted to the Bible, which had been somewhat set aside by the Duchobortsi in favour of their inspirations and mystical speculations; and he moreover became the associate in propagandism of the head of a widespread Judaising sect, receiving them into his fold, and adopting some of their tenets, especially the objection to pork. It seems strange that the necessarily confused ideas arising from this mixture achieved a large and rapid success. The fact is that among the Russian lower classes there is a craving for spiritual food, because the established Church offers them nothing but forms, which, though full of beauty, become mere idolatry in the hands of a drunken and contemptible village clergy,

performing the rites mechanically, and without even the pretence of an interest in them. The persecution of Malakanism, on account of its close resemblance to the "pernicious" Duchobortsi creed, also contributed mightily to its spread, which was moreover favoured by the locality where the new sect originated. The province of Tamboff borders on the vast steppe region, stretching from the confines of Asia across the river Volga, which is in some of its south-eastern and eastern districts still inhabited by Kalmouk, Kirghis, and Bashkere nomads. The greatest part of that region had, in January 1771, become nearly empty by the exodus of the Kalmouk nation, which, justly alarmed by the establishment of the German colonies, fled into Asia, leaving only a few fragments on the right bank of the river, and entirely deserting the left bank—that is to say, the wholewide space between the rivers Volga and Ural. The Kirghis afterwards pressed forward into that space; but up to Uklein's time they had only made some raids into it, ravaging some of the German settlements, and driving the inhabitants and their herds and flocks to Asiatic markets. The German colonists, though by far the densest population of the region, numbered barely 30,000 spread over 1,000 square miles. The remaining parts of the population were some clusters of serfs surrounding their self-exiled masters; the sparse descendants of the Astrachan Tatars and of two Finnish tribes; some Russians in Astrachan and in the villages along the two branches into which the Volga is here divided; and the Volga Cossacks in widely-dispersed stanitzas and isolated farmyards. This region, little interfered with by the Government, was the scene of Uklein's labours after he had left his native province. In the then most completely deserted part, close to the frontier of Asia, Alexandroff Gai was founded, and received its Malakan settlers from Tamboff, whence persecution had driven them. Most of the above-

mentioned Malakan congregations had a similar origin; but Uklein had also considerable success among the Cossacks and the other peasants, both free and serfs. The Crimea, Grusia, and Siberia likewise received crowds of Malakani, transported there in order to prevent the infection of more populous localities; and Malakanism, wherever thus planted, continued to propagate itself among its neighbours.

But why were Uklein's followers called Malakani—a name evidently derived from *moloko* (milk)? To this question the Russians usually give the absurd answer, "Because the Malakani do not, like the orthodox, abstain from milk on the fast-days of the Church." The fact is that the name *Malakani* was originally a popular nickname of the *Duchobortsi*,¹ most of them having, by order of the Government, been made to emigrate to the banks of the *Molotchnaya* (Milk-river) in the Crimea; and that the name afterwards, apparently in the years 1812 to 1820, shifted over to Uklein's sect, on which it fixed itself so firmly that its real origin is long forgotten. It was indeed, in the beginning of Uklein's sect, almost impossible for outsiders to distinguish the new sect from the parent stock, especially as both loved to call themselves "Spiritual Christians," and as the professions of faith in both were the same, or nearly the same.

Between the two sects themselves there has nevertheless been not only no renewed connection, but, on the contrary, a continually increasing distance; nor have the Jewish influences been renewed, except on a few isolated spots whence they have not again extended. Thus, by the gradual extinction of the traditions of the two parent sects, and the exclusive prevalence of practical deductions from the Bible, Malakanism has developed itself into a homely Christian philosophy, and has as such, by its wonderful results, earned universal, unqualified, and well-deserved praise. All the deeper is our regret to observe the numerous and con-

¹ See Livanoff's *Sectarians*, vol. iii. p. 401.

tinually increasing symptoms of decay which are at present manifesting themselves. Kissing and spasmodic dancing have made their appearance in the common worship of some congregations; some were, not long ago, under the paramount influence of a prophet, according to trustworthy testimony a runaway private soldier, born at Alexandroff Gai, who obtained large sums, married in Mormon fashion two young and handsome girls, and at last perished in an attempt to cure himself from inebriety. These movements were and are merely reactions against the indifferentism everywhere setting in—the slackened interest in religious affairs, the waning attendance at congregational devotion. The good treatment of humble dependents, though continued because it has proved profitable, begins to be directed and modified by calculation; drink finds its way into many Malakan homes; nay, there are confirmed drunkards in some of the most prominent and most anciently renowned Malakan families. The concurrence of this decay with the Russian public's admiration of Malakan virtue and the Government's kind interest in it, is by the Malakani themselves admitted to be not accidental. The impetus and bitter relish imparted by persecution appear indeed to have been necessary for the preservation of pure Malakanism, which is else too pale and sober to satisfy even those born and brought up to it.

The fundamental principle of the laws and regulations directed against sectarianism has outwardly remained nearly the same during the whole century since Malakanism was founded; but in its application there have been very considerable variations, nearly corresponding with the reigns to which they belong. There is, according to the Russian law, to be no constraint upon the conscience; but every attempt to bring about apostasy from the established Church is to be severely punished. The first part of this principle was, in the early years of Malakanism, nothing but a mockery; for every manifestation of sectarianism,

its congregational worship more especially, was regarded as an attempt to convert orthodox Christians; and the punishment was in many cases the extreme penalty of the Russian law, the knout, followed by penal servitude in the Siberian mines. The lighter punishments were compulsory military service, which then lasted more than twenty years; banishment into the fortresses, to Siberia, Grusia, the Crimea, and other desert provinces; mostly preceded by flogging with the "plet," the short and thickly-plaited horsewhip borrowed from the nomads. More terrible than these lighter punishments was the protracted preliminary inquest, the brutal driving of the prisoners, heavily chained, over long dreary distances, until they reached the inexpressibly foul and vile places of temporary confinement, and the iniquitous procedure in which the inquisitor had unlimited power, and the prisoner no right. With the accession of Alexander I. in 1801, there came a mighty change for the better. He declared that persecution merely served to spread and confirm sectarianism, and that the only true means for eradicating it was kindly persuasion and good example. Every case of sectarianism was to be laid before the council of ministers, and as the Emperor himself took a lively interest in these matters, most of them were brought to his own cognisance; and many such opportunities were made use of for the further development of his enlightened ideas. Especial favour was shown to the Duchobortsi, for whom Alexander, the friend of the Quakers, had an almost unconcealed liking, though pretending to consider their doctrines as the errors of well-meaning, but misled simpletons; and some of that favour also reached the Malakani. Nicholas, on the other hand, believed the established Church to be the mainstay of the state, and naturally con-

sidered sectarians who call regard the orthodox as "idolators" to be especially dangerous. There were again endless vexations and extortions, and numerous criminal prosecutions leading to banishment, and some to still severer punishments. Alexander II. almost abolished—practically though not formally—the criminal treatment of sectarianism. The press was at liberty to praise the Malakani, although the collection of regulations in matters of sectarianism, secretly printed by the Ministry of the Interior at the beginning of the present reign,¹ continued to describe them as an especially pernicious sect—a contradiction which the Malakani could not fail to experience in practice. Thus there was, in Alexandroff Gai, some time after Mr. Wallace's visit, a criminal inquest, because, according to the denunciation of a priest, two orthodox soldiers were said to have been present at a congregational prayer-meeting. The only results, however, were some protocols, and the prayer-meetings continue to be held quite openly. The minor official fry, and even some of the orthodox clergy, are on the very best terms with the Malakani; and officials of good standing, such as Mr. Wallace's travelling companions, do not hide their predilection for the sectarians. The Government itself shows, by the invitation quoted at the beginning of this essay, that it not only understands, but has the courage to acknowledge and utilise, the colonisatory capabilities of the Malakani. The success of this measure is undoubtable, and there is every reason to hope that in the pursuit of their difficult and noble task, the Malakani will in time get rid of all their recently-developed taints.

G. M. ASHER,
Professor.

¹ St. Petersburg, 1858; reprinted in London, 1863, Trübner & Co. 2 vols. 8vo.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A THIEF IN THIEVES' LANGUAGE.

THE following autobiography is both authentic and true. I have had many opportunities of testing its truth in various ways during a friendship of some eighteen months, during which the writer has been pursuing the less exciting and less lucrative occupation of a teetotal costermonger. I leave it to speak for itself, and confine my function to that of an interpreter of what will be to many an unknown tongue. It is a typical career that might be that of dozens or even hundreds in East London.

J. W. HORSLEY,

Chaplain H.M. Prison, Clerkenwell.

I was born in 1853 at Stamford Hill, Middlesex. My parents removed from there to Stoke Newington, when I was sent to an infant school. Some time afterwards I was taken by two pals (companions) to an orchard to cop (steal) some fruit, me being a mug (inexperienced) at the game. This got to my father's ears; when I went home he set about me with a strap until he was tired. He thought that was not enough, but tied me to a bedstead—you may be sure what followed. I got loose, tied a blanket and a counterpane together, fastened it to the bedstead, and let myself out of the window, and did not go home that night, but met my two pals and dossed (slept) in a haystack. Early next morning my pals said they knew where we could get some toke (food), and took me to a terrace; we went down the dancers (steps) to a safe, and cleared it out. Two or three days after I met my mother, who in tears begged of me to go home, so I went home. My parents moved to Clapton; when they sent me to school, my pals used to send stiffs (notes) to the schoolmaster, saying that

I was wanted at home; but instead of that we used to go and smug snowy (steal linen) that was hung out to dry, or rob the bakers' barrows. Things went from bad to worse, so I was obliged to leave home again. This time I palled in with some older hands at the game, who used to take me a parlour-jumping (robbing rooms), putting me in where the windows was open. I used to take anything there was to steal, and at last they told me all about wedge (silver-plate), how I should know it by the ramp (hall-mark—rampant lion!); we used to break it up in small pieces and sell it to watchmakers, and afterwards to a fence (buyer of stolen goods) down the Lane (Petticoat Lane). Two or three times a week I used to go to the Brit. (Britannia Theatre) in Hoxton, or the Gaff (penny music-room) in Shore-ditch. I used to steal anything to make money to go to these places. Some nights I used to sleep at my pals' houses, sometimes in a shed where there was a fire kept burning night and day. All this time I had escaped the hands of the reelers (police), but one day I was taken for robbing a baker's cart, and got twenty-one days. While there I made pals with another one who came from Shore-ditch, and promised to meet him when we got out, which I did, and we used to go together, and left the other pals at Clapton.

At last, one day we was at St. John's Wood, I went in after some wedge; while picking some up off the table, I frightened a cat, which upset a lot of plates when jumping out of the window. So I was taken and tried at Marylebone Police Court, and sent to Feltham Industrial School. I had not been there a month before I planned with another boy to guy (run away).

and so we did, but was stopped at Brentford, and took back to the school, for which we got twelve strokes with the birch. I thought when I first went there that I knew a great deal about thieving, but I found there was some there that knew more, and I used to pal in with those that knew the most. One day while talking with a boy he told me he was going home in a day or so; he said his friends was going to claim him out because he was more than sixteen years old. When my friends came to see me I told them that they could claim me out, and with a good many fair promises that I would lead a new life if they did so, they got me out of the school. When I got home I found a great change in my father, who had taken to drink, and he did not take so much notice of what I done as he used. I went on all straight the first few moons (months) at costering. One day there was a *fête* at Clapton, and I was coming home with my kipsy (basket); I had just sold all my goods out, I just stopped to pipe (see) what was going on, when a reeler came up to me and rapped (said), "Now — you had better guy, or else I shall give you a drag (three months in prison)." So I said all right, but he rapped, "It is not all right, I don't want any sauce from you, or else I shall set about (beat) you myself;" so I said "What for? I have done nothing; do you want to get it up for me?" Then he began to push me about, so I said I would not go at all if he put his dukes (hands) on me. Then he rammed my nut (head) against the wall, and shook the very life out of me. This got a scuff (crowd) round us, and the people ask him what he was knocking me about for, so he said, "This is young — just come home from a schooling" (a term in a reformatory). So he did not touch me again; so I went home, turned into kip (bed), and could not get up for two or three days because he had given me such a shaking, him being a great powerful man, and me only a little fellow. I still went on all

straight until things got very dear at the market. I had been down three or four days running, and could not buy anything to earn a deaner (shilling) out of. So one morning I found I did not have more than a caser (5s.) for stock-pieces (stock-money). So I thought to myself, What shall I do? I said, "I know what I will do. I will go to London Bridge rattler (railway), and take a deaner ride and go a wedge-hunting (stealing plate)." So I took a ducat (ticket) for Sutton in Surrey, and went a wedge-hunting. I had not been at Sutton very long before I piped a slavey (servant) come out of a chat (house), so when she had got a little way up the double (turning), I pratted (went) in the house. When inside I could not see any wedge laying about in the kitchen, so I screwed my nut into the washhouse, and I piped three or four pair of daisy-roots (boots). So I claimed (stole) them and took off the lid of my kipsy and put them inside, put a cloth over them, and then put the lid on again, put the kipsy on my back as though it was empty, and guyed to the rattler and took a brief (ticket) to London Bridge, and took the daisies to a sheney (Jew) down the Gaff, and done them for thirty blow (shillings). The next day I took the rattler to Forest Hill, and touched for (succeeded in getting) some wedge, and a kipsy full of clobber (clothes). You may be sure this gave me a little pluck, so I kept on at the old game, only with this difference, that I got more pieces (money) for the wedge. I got three and a sprat (3s. 6d.) an ounce. But afterwards I got 3s. 9d., and then four blow. I used to get a good many pieces about this time, so I used to clobber myself up and go to the concert-rooms. But although I used to go to these places I never used to drink any beer for some time afterwards. It was while using one of these places I first met a sparring bloke (pugilist), who taught me how to spar, and showed me the way to put my dukes up. But after a time I gave him best

(left him) because he used to want to bite my ear (borrow) too often. It was while I was with him that I got in company with some of the widest (cleverest) people in London. They used to use at (frequent) a pub in Shoreditch. The following people used to go in there—toy-getters (watch-stealers), magsmen (confidence-trick men), men at the mace (sham loan offices), broadsmen (card-sharpers), peter-claimers (box-stealers), busters and screwsmen (burglars), snide-pitchers (utterers of false coin), men at the duff (passing false jewellery), welshers (turf-swindlers), and skittle-sharps. Being with this nice mob (gang) you may be sure what I learned. I went out at the game three or four times a week, and used to touch almost every time. I went on like this for very near a stretch (year) without being smuggled (apprehended). One night I was with the mob, I got canon (drunk), this being the first time. After this, when I used to go to concert-rooms, I used to drink beer. It was at one of these places down Whitechapel I palled in with a trip and staid with her until I got smuggled. One day I was at Blackheath I got very near canon, and when I went into a place I claimed two wedge spoons, and was just going up the dancers, a slavey piped the spoons sticking out of my skyrocket (pocket), so I got smuggled. While at the station they asked me what my monarch (name) was. A reeler came to the cell and cross-kidded (questioned) me, but I was too wide for him. I was tried at Greenwich; they ask the reeler if I was known, and he said no. So I was sent to Maidstone Stir (prison) for two moon. When I came out the trip I had been living with had sold the home and guded; that did not trouble me much. The only thing that spurred (annoyed) me was me being such a flat to buy the home. The mob got me up a break (collection), and I got between five or six foont (sovereigns), so I did not go out at the game for about a moon.

The first day that I went out I went to Slough and touched for a wedge kipsy, with 120 ounces of wedge in it, for which I got nineteen quid (sovereigns). Then I carried on a nice game. I used to get canon every night. I done things now what I should have been ashamed to do before I took to that accursed drink. It was now that I got acquainted with the use of twirls (skeleton-keys).

A little time after this I fell (was taken up) again at St. Mary Cray for being found at the back of a house, and got two moon at Bromley Petty Sessions as a rogue and vagabond; and I was sent to Maidstone, this being the second time within a stretch. When I fell this time I had between four and five quid found on me, but they gave it me back, so I was landed (was all right) this time without them getting me up a lead (a collection).

I did not fall again for a stretch. This time I got two moon for assaulting the reelers when canon. For this I went to the Steel (Bastile—Coldbath Fields Prison), having a new suit of clobber on me and about fifty blow in my brigh (pocket). When I came out I went at the same old game.

One day I went to Croydon and touched for a red toy (gold watch) and red tackle (gold chain) with a large locket. So I took the rattler home at once. When I got into Shoreditch I met one or two of the mob, who said, "Hallo, been out to-day? Did you touch?" So I said, "Usher" (yes). So I took them in and we all got canon. When I went to the fence he bested (cheated) me because I was drunk, and only gave me 8*l.* 10*s.* for the lot. So the next day I went to him and asked him if he was not going to grease my duke (put money into my hand). So he said, "No." Then he said, "I will give you another half-a-quid;" and said, "Do anybody, but mind they don't do you." So I thought to myself, "All right, my lad; you will find me as good as my master," and left him.

Some time after that affair with the fence one of the mob said to me, "I have got a place cut and dried; will you come and do it?" So I said, "Yes; what tools will you want?" And he said, "We shall want some twirls and the stick (crowbar), and bring a Neddie (life-preserver) with you." And he said, "Now don't stick me up (disappoint); meet me at six to-night." At six I was at the meet (trysting-place), and while waiting for my pal I had my daisies cleaned, and I piped the fence that bested me go along with his old woman (wife) and his two kids (children), so I thought of his own words, "Do anybody, but mind they don't do you." He was going to the Surrey Theatre; so when my pal came up I told him all about it. So we went and screwed (broke into) his place, and got thirty-two quid and a toy and tackle, which he had bought on the crook (dishonestly). We did not go and do the other place after that. About two moon after this the same fence fell for buying two fanns (5*l.* notes), for which he got a stretch and a half.

A little while after this I fell at Isleworth for being found in a conservatory adjoining a parlour, and got remanded to the Tench (House of Detention) for nine days, but neither Snuffy (Reeves the identifier) nor Mac (Macintyre) knew me, so I got a drag, and was sent to the Steel. While I was in there I see the fence who we done, and he held his duke at me as much as to say, "I would give you something if I could," but I only laughed at him.

I was out about seven moon, when one night a pal of mine was half-drunk, and said something to a copper (policeman) which he did not like, so he hit my pal, so I hit him in return. So we both set about him. He pulled out his staff, and hit me on the nut, and cut it open. Then two or three more coppers came up, and we got smuggled, and got a sixer (six months) each. So I see the fence again in Stir.

On the Boxing Day after I came out I got stabbed in the chest by a pal of mine who had done a schooling. We was out with one another all the day getting drunk, so he took a liberty with me, and I landed him one on the conk (nose), so we had a fight, and he put the chive (knife) into me. This made me sober, so I asked him what made him such a coward. He said, "I meant to kill you; let me go and kiss my wife and child, and then smug me." But I did not do that. This made me a little thoughtful of the sort of life I was carrying on. I thought, "What if I should have been killed then!" But this, like other things, soon passed away.

After the place got well where I was chived, me and another screwed a place at Stoke Newington, and we got some squeeze (silk) dresses and two sealskin jackets, and some other things. We tied them in a bundle and got on a tram. It appears they knew my pal; and some reelers got up too. So when I piped them pipe the bundle I put my dukes on the rails of the tram and dropped off, and geyed down a double before you could say Jack Robinson. It was a good job I did, or else I should of got lagged (sent to penal servitude), and my pal too, because I had the James (crowbar) and screws (skeleton-keys) on me. My pal got a stretch and a half.

A day or two after this I met the fence who I done; so he said to me, "We have met at last." So I said, "Well, what of that?" So he said, "What did you want to do me for?" So I said, "You must remember you done me, and when I spoke to you about it you said, 'Do anybody, but mind they don't do you.'" That shut him up.

One day I went to Lewisham and touched for a lot of wedge. I tore up my madam (handkerchief) and tied the wedge in small packets, and put them into my pockets. At Bishopsgate Street I left my kipsy at a barber's shop, where I always left

it when not in use. I was going through Shoreditch, when a reeler from Hackney, who knew me well, came up and said, "I am going to run the rule over (search) you." You could have knocked me down with a feather, me knowing what I had about me. Then he said, "It's only my joke; are you going to treat me?" So I said "Yes," and began to be very saucy, saying to him, "What catch would it be if you was to turn me over?" So I took him into a pub which had a back way out, and called for a pint of stout, and told the reeler to wait a minute. He did not know that there was an entrance at the back; so I guyyed up to Hoxton to the mob and told them all about it. Then I went and done the wedge for five-and-twenty quid.

One or two days after this I met the reeler at Hackney, and he said, "What made you guy?" So I said that I did not want my pals to see me with him. So he said it was all right. Some of the mob knew him and had greased his duke.

What I am about to relate now took place within the last four or five moon before I fell for this stretch and a half. One day I went to Surbiton. I see a reeler giving me a roasting (watching me), so I began to count my pieces for a jolly (pretence), but he still followed me, so at last I rang a bell, and waited till the slavey came, and the reeler waited till I came out, and then said, "What are you hawking of?" So I said, "I am not hawking anything; I am buying bottles." So he said, "I thought you were hawking without a licence." As soon as he got round a double, I guyyed away to Malden and touched for two wedge teapots, and took the rattler to Waterloo.

One day I took the rattler from Broad Street to Acton. I did not touch there, but worked my way to Shepherd's Bush; but when I got there I found it so hot (dangerous), because there had been so many tykes (dogs) poisoned, that there was a

reeler at almost every double, and bills posted up about it. So I went to the Uxbridge Road Station, and while I was waiting for the rattler I took a religious tract, and on it was written, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" So I thought to myself, What good has the money done me what I have had? so instead of getting out at Brondesbury, I rode on to Broad Street and paid the difference, and went home, and did not go out for about a week.

The Sunday following, when I went to Uxbridge Road, I went down a lane called Mount Pleasant, at Clapton; it was about six o'clock. Down at the bottom of the lane you could get a fine view of Walthamstow; so while I was leaning against the rails I felt very miserable. I was thinking about when I was at Feltham. I thought I had threw away the only chance I had of doing better; and as I stood thinking, the bells of St. Matthew's Church began to play a hymn-tune I had heard at Feltham. This brought tears to my eyes: this was the first time in my life that I thought what a wretch I was. I was going home very downcast, when I met some pals, who said, "Why, what is the matter; you look miserable?" So I said, "I don't feel very well." So they said, "Are you coming to have something to drink?—that will liven you up." So I went in with them, and began to drink very hard to drown my thoughts.

Monday morning I felt just the same as I always did; I felt ready for the old game again. So I went to Hoxton, and some of the mob said to me, "Why, where have you been the last week or so—we thought you had fell?" So I told them I had been ill.

I went out the next day to Maidenhead, and touched for some wedge and a poge (purse), with over five quid in it.

A little while after this I went with two pals to the Palace at Muswell Hill; the races were on. So when we got there, there was some reeler there

what knew me, and my pals said, "You had better get away from us; if we touch, you will take your whack (share) just the same." So I went and laid down on the grass. While laying there I piped a reeler whom I knew. He had a nark (a policeman's spy) with him. So I went and looked about for my two pals, and told them to look out for F. and his nark. About an hour after this they came to me and woke me up, and they said, "Come on, we have had a lucky touch for a half-century in pap" (50*l.* in paper, *i.e.* notes). I thought they was only kidding (deceiving) at first, so they said, "Let us guy from here, and you will see if we are kidding to you." When we got into the rattler they showed me the pap; yes, there it was, fifty quid in double finns (10*l.* notes). We did them for 9*l.* 10*s.* each to a fence.

I took the rattler one day to Reigate, and worked my way to Red Hill. So I went into a place and see some clobber hanging up, so I thought to myself I will have it, and take the rattler home at once; it will pay all expenses. So while I was looking about I piped a little peter (parcel). When I took it up it had an address on it, and the address was to the vicarage, so I came out and asked a boy if the clergyman lived there, and he said "Yes;" but to make sure of it I went back again. This time I looked at the clobber more closely, and I see it was the same as clergyman wear, so I left it where it was. I always made it a rule never to rob a clergyman's house if I knew one to live there. I could of robbed several in my time, but I would not. So I took the rattler to Croydon, and touched for some wedge, and come home.

I used to go to Henley-on-Thames most every year when the rowing matches was on which used to represent Oxford and Cambridge, only it used to be boys instead of men. The day the Prince of Wales arrived at Portsmouth when he came home from India, me and two pals took the rattler from Waterloo at about half-

past six in the morning. When we got to Portsmouth we found it was very hot, there was on every corner of a street bills stuck up—"Beware of pickpockets male and female," and on the tram-cars as well. So one of my pals said, "There is a reeler over there which knows me, we had better split out" (separate). Me and the other one went by ourselves; he was very tricky (clever) at getting a poge or a toy, but he would not touch toys because we was afraid of being turned over (searched). We done very well at poges; we found after we knocked off we had between sixty and seventy quid to cut up (share), but our other pal had fell, and was kept at the station until the last rattler went to London, and then they sent him home by it. One day after this I asked a screwsman if he would lend me some screws because I had a place cut and dried. But he said, "If I lend you them I shall want to stand in" (have a share): but I said, "I can't stand you at that; I will grease your duke if you like:" but he said that would not do, so I said, "We will work together then," and he said, "Yes." So we went and done the place for fifty-five quid. So I worked with him until I fell for this stretch and a half. He was very tricky at making twirls, and used to supply them all with tools. Me and the screwsman went to Gravesend, and I found a dead 'un (uninhabited house), and we both went and turned it over, and got things out of it which fetched us forty-three quid. We went one day to Erith; I went in a place, and when I opened a door there was a great tike laying in front of the door, so I pulled out a piece of pudding (liver prepared to silence dogs) and threw it to him, but he did not move. So I threw a piece more, and it did not take any notice; so I got close up to it and I found it was a dead dog been stuffed, so I done the place for some wedge and three overcoats, one I put on, and the other two into my kipsy.

We went to Harpenden Races to see

if we could find some dead 'uns; we went on the course. While we was there we saw a scuff, it was a flat that had been welshed, so my pal said, "Pipe his spark prop" (diamond pin). So my pal said, "Front me" (cover me), "and I will do him for it." So he pulled out his madam and done him for it. After we left the course, we found a dead 'un and got a peter (cashbox) with very near a century of quids in it. Then I carried on a nice game, what with the trips and the drink I very near went balmy (mad). It is no use of me telling you every place I done, or else you will think I am telling you the same things over again.

I will now tell you what happened the day before I fell for this stretch and a half. Me and the screwsman went to Charlton. From there we worked our way to Blackheath. I went in a place and touched for some wedge which we done for three pounds ten. I went home and wrung myself (changed clothes), and met some of the mob and got very near drunk. Next morning I got up about seven, and went home to change my clobber and put on the old clobber to work with the kipsy. When I got home my mother asked me if I was not a going to stop to have some breakfast? So I said, "No, I was in a hurry." I had promised to meet the screwsman and did not want to stick him up. We went to Willesden and found a dead 'un, so I came out and asked my pal to lend me the James and some twirls, and I went and turned it over. I could not find any wedge. I found a poge with nineteen shillings in it. I turned everything over, but could not find anything worth having, so I came out and gave the tools to my pal and told him. So he said, "Wasn't there any clobber?" So I said, "Yes, there's a cartload." So he said, "Go and get a kipsy full of it, and we will guy home." So I went back, and as I was going down the garden, the gardener it appears

had been put there to watch the house, so he said, "What do you want here?" So I said, "Where do you speak to the servants?" So he said, "There is not any one at home, they are all out." So he said, "What do you want with them?" So I said, "Do you know if they have any bottles to sell, because the servant told me to call another day?" So he said, "I do not know, you had better call another time." So I said, "All right, and good day to him." I had hardly got outside when he came rushing out like a man balmy, and said to me, "You must come back with me." So I said, "All right. What is the matter?" So when we got to the door he said, "How did you open this door?" So I said, "My good fellow, you are mad! how could I open it?" So he said, "It was not open half-an-hour ago because I tried it." So I said, "Is that any reason why I should of opened it?" So he said, "At any rate you will have to come to the station with me."

The station was not a stone's throw from the place, so he caught hold of me, so I gave a twist round and brought the kipsy in his face, and gave him a push and guyed. He followed, giving me hot beef (calling "Stop thief"). My pal came along, and I said to him, "Make this man leave me alone, he is knocking me about," and I put a half-James (half-sovereign) in his hand, and said, "Guy." As I was running round a corner there was a reeler talking to a postman, and I rushed by him, and a little while after the gardener came up and told him all about it. So he set after me and the postman too, all the three giving me hot beef. This set other people after me, and I got run out. So I got run in, and was tried at Marylebone and remanded for a week, and then fullied (fully committed for trial), and got this stretch and a half. Marylebone is the court I got my schooling from.

A DOUBTING HEART.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DISCORDS.

"THIS great Babylon that I have builded;" these words rushed into Alma's mind as she stood by her mother on the terrace overlooking the gardens at Leigh on the day after their arrival, and noticed the smile of perfect satisfaction on Lady Rivers's face. Lord Anstice had brought out his guests after dinner to look at the sunset from the terrace facing westward, where visitors were customarily taken on summer evenings to enjoy the wide expanse of view and the glow on the distant hills. Lady Rivers could not by any means keep her eyes so far afield, however, it was the near prospect that interested her. The garden terraces, one below the other, ablaze with autumn flowers, the fountains sending up showers of jewels in the evening light, the glimpses of park and groups of antlered deer; beyond the gardens the two stately avenues of oaks that might be traced to the entrance-gates, a mile or two away in opposite directions; the massive white house behind, from which they had just come—"Not perhaps so showy and complete in every detail as Golden Mount, but oh, what a different air it has, *how* preferable!" The remark was whispered to Alma when Wynyard turned aside to take a letter the servant brought him; but Lady Rivers's whispers were rather in the stage fashion, and Alma felt sure that he caught the words "Golden Mount" at least: it was the second time to-day that Lady Rivers had brought out that unfortunate comparison in his presence. The first time he had laughed good-humouredly, and

glanced openly at Alma, as if expecting her to share his amusement, but now his face grew grave, and he walked off to the other end of the terrace with his letter in his hand to look at the sunset by himself. Did he, Alma wondered, go away out of consideration to her, to give Lady Rivers time to exhale all her raptures over the scene at a safe distance from his ears, and so spare her confusion, or was he really disgusted? Was he busy just now, as Alma often suspected him to be, in reasoning or scolding himself back into toleration? She had fallen into a way of watching him whenever they were together, and speculating about his thoughts, and this did not conduce to ease on either side, or to the confidence that surely ought to have been established now that they were within a month of the wedding-day.

So many unfortunate allusions to the time of the Kirkman intimacy were always dropping either from Lady Rivers or from Sir Francis's tactless lips, that Alma could not keep her thoughts from working round them, and sometimes she never lifted her eyes to her lover's face for a whole day, but to look for a change in it, to wonder when the dawn of the first suspicion would show itself there. If she could but have been her real self to him, if only she had not had "the little grain of conscience" to make her sour, all might have been well. Only that very day she had vexed and disappointed him twice,—the day that she had meant to be such a triumphant, white day,—on which he had brought such warmth of welcome to their meeting. She had surprised him disagreeably at the moment of being taken by him to the morning-room, hereafter to be her own, by refusing sharply to

sit down and write the first note ever written at her new writing-table to Madame de Florimel, to invite her to come to the wedding. An hour before dinner she had vexed him again by drawing back when he wanted to introduce her to an old London friend of his, a watchmaker, who was spending a little time at Leigh, and was at the moment enjoying a hunt for butterflies in the kitchen garden. "Why could she not have humoured him?" she asked herself now. He had so evidently wanted to get her to himself, away from her mother's raptures, which had been wearying enough all day; why could she not have pleased him by being civil to the old man? There was nothing against it, but the vague suspicion that haunted her about every thing or person connected with her own or Wynyard's life during the last few months, lest it or he should prove a snare beneath her feet, or a witness confronting her with some question that would bring her to shame. Now he had carried away the odious belief that she was vulgar enough to be ashamed of the time of his poverty, and jealous of the friends he had made then—that was the interpretation he would put upon her unwillingness to talk about the events of the last year; he would explain the cloud that must always hang over that passage of their mutual lives so, and she could never justify herself, though she knew the extent to which it would lower her in his estimation.

By and by Wynyard, having finished reading his note, came back to them, and they walked up and down the terrace together, whilst he pointed out the chief features of the prospect to Lady Rivers. The mausoleum in the far distance among the tallest and oldest yew-trees in the county; the ugly squat obelisk erected by some crazy Lord Anstice of a few generations back in memory of a favourite hunter; "My Lady's Folly," whose cost had laid the last straw on the load of debt that had overwhelmed

Madame de Florimel's branch of the family.

"Alma could have her folly if she liked," Lady Rivers smilingly supposed, "without any danger now of involving the family estates; the late Lord Anstice's hoards would be proof against any number of follies."

"Well, I am glad you like it all," Wynyard observed, when there was a breathing space in Lady Rivers's praises. "I can't say so much myself. I have always thought the place rather ugly than otherwise, and wish that my uncle had left the old house standing. However, we shall see what the future will do. 'Times change by the rood,' don't they, Alma? Now that Sir Gilbert du Bois 'has lots of food and firewood,' his desolate tower may hope to get a new character. How can it help that," he added, in a lower tone, for he caught a look of vexation on Alma's face, "when the maiden 'with wonderful eyes too under her hood' comes into it at last?"

They had reached a side entrance, and Lady Rivers proposed to go in, but Wynyard drew Alma back as she was following, and pleaded for another turn or two, "Unless she was tired," "or," he added quickly, "unless she had had enough of his company for one day."

Alma silently slipped her hand under his arm, but did not look up till quite a minute after, and then her eyes were full of tears. Wynyard led her to a seat under the shelter of a protecting buttress.

"Now you are going to tell me what is the matter," he said. "There has been a shadow between us all day; and, Alma, don't you think it is time for us to get out of our company armour, offensive and defensive, and be ourselves to each other? We can't live in it, can we? Yet, dearest, though I have watched and watched, ready, I think, to help you out if you would give the least sign, I don't believe you have shown me your true self since that one hour by the river on our journey, which I thought was to

begin so much happiness, such perfect trust. How is it? I don't think it is my fault; but if you think it is, just tell me."

"You should not speak as you did just now. You should not have said that about Sir Gilbert du Bois to mamma and me. Wynyard, don't you think I know you well enough to read your secret thoughts when you say things of that sort about sudden changes of fortune, however smilingly you may say them? It is not all play, or at all events it is a play that hurts me."

"Then I am sorry: you shall not have to complain again. But Alma, dear, why are you so sensitive? In a few days more, remember, we shall be one, not two, and the past will be a common possession. Surely our relations are sound enough for us to permit ourselves our little jokes and allusions to bygone troubles that have been utterly blown away? You cannot think I seriously suspect you of having changed with my fortune? Should we be sitting here if I did? Have I not your own word given me on that last day of my old life that you loved me and were faithful to me through all the time when others tried to divide us? If a drop of gall sometimes oozes into my talk, it ought not to touch *you*. Look me in the face, dear, and let me see that it never will again; show me that you have put yourself too entirely on my side to be hurt personally by what I say in jest or earnest about that old cause of bitterness. Nay," he added, when Alma did not look up, "I am not asking for any new assurances of love, though perhaps I think I get rather less of these than I might look for, considering my long fast, and what is coming next month. But I won't be exacting. I am satisfied with those few words by the river. Only look me once more in the face, dear Alma, and before it is too dark to see, let me read in your eyes—the dear eyes that had such frank kindness in them for me once—that there is not really any

doubt between us, not so much as that you shall ever again fancy that I doubt you."

Alma heard a quick, impatient sigh, while she was debating within herself whether or not she dare look up and reveal all the trouble there must be in her face. Before she had made up her mind Wynyard ended the suspense by jumping up from his seat, as if he could bear her hesitation no longer.

"You will tell me at your own time," he said gravely; "or perhaps," hesitating as if waiting to be contradicted, "it will be better to make up our minds to let the past be past. I will cure myself of making bitter allusions—there, it is a promise—and you—but no, I will make no conditions. I will wait for the old dear openness and confidence to come back as they must, a thousandfold dearer for the new ties. One does not get any good by tearing one's rosebuds open. Let us walk to the end of the terrace: the sun is all but gone down, and the one time when this view is worth anything is while the outlines of those distant, low hills show clear against the after-glow in the west. Poor Ralph made a sketch of the sunset here, which was one of the best things he ever did; I'll show it you when we go in."

While they stood watching the changes in the sky, Wynyard talked pleasantly enough about the best situation for Alma's easel to stand in when it arrived, her choice of a music-room, her wishes and pleasure on this or that little household matter. It sounded quite natural talk between an engaged pair, a month before the wedding-day, and would have satisfied Lady Rivers; but Alma knew Wynyard too well not to detect the slight frost of manner, so unlike his usual attitude towards those he loved, and which she felt put her further away than another person's sullen silence would have done.

When they re-entered the house, Wynyard said, doubtfully—

"There is another visit I wanted you to make to-day, but it is a painful one; you will be too tired; it had better wait till to-morrow."

"Tell me about it now. Is it to some one in this house?"

"To Mrs. Anstice, poor Ralph's mother. I want you to see her, and if you can find an opportunity, say something to her about its being your wish as well as mine that this house should remain virtually her own as long as she wants it."

"She is to live here, then?"

"Where else? She has no other home, and as poor Ralph always liked her to be here, she clings to the place as a link with him; she must not be disturbed."

"Don't let mamma hear anything about it, then."

"Why not?"

"She does not believe in two women being able to live in one house."

"Well, it will not be for long. The house was hers a little while ago, and would no doubt be hers still if Ralph had made a will. It is not in the entail, and could have been given absolutely to her, as my uncle once meant to give it to me."

"But I thought she was a very disagreeable woman, with whom no one could get on."

"She is very ill and broken-hearted now. Don't go to see her to-night, however, unless you wish it. She expects you, but you can do as you like."

"Of course I will go," said Alma, hurt at the tone the conversation had taken. "I was not making objections on my own account."

And then she followed silently, while Wynyard led the way, up a staircase and along several galleries hung with pictures, to the distant wing of the house, where the apartments occupied by Mrs. Anstice since her son's death were situated. He was thinking all the time of that evening when Ralph had surprised him in his chambers and talked of Alma. How angry he had been at his cousin's

proposal to resign the house and estate and his mother to the joint management of himself and Alma, while he travelled. And now here they were undertaking the task, all exactly as Ralph had planned it (he himself, poor fellow, banished); but, under what different circumstances, in what a different frame of mind, too, from anything he (Wynyard) could have imagined at the time. As he looked back to his feelings on that evening, he could hardly believe he had been on the point of saying to Alma a minute ago, that if she objected to living in the same house with Mrs. Anstice, the wedding could be put off till after Mrs. Anstice's death, and that he had only restrained himself from a fear of giving the first vent to a crowd of secret discontents which he had resolved not to allow to come to the front, but to smother for the sake of future peace.

Alma broke the silence when he paused to lift the heavy curtain which shut off the passage leading to the sick room from the rest of the house.

"Has Mrs. Anstice no relation or friend of her own with her? She must feel very solitary in this big house when you are away."

"She has a friend with her to-day; and, by the way, a young lady you must know something of. You have often, I suppose, met the two sisters who lived in your aunt's house in Saville Street, Katherine and Christabel Moore?"

"Are they here?" exclaimed Alma, in a tone which certainly did not betray much pleasure. "What can they have to do with Mrs. Anstice?"

"Not much, perhaps, but they were spending a few weeks at Abbot's Leigh in the spring, and Mrs. Anstice met one of the sisters in the park near the mausoleum. They got into talk somehow. I think Mrs. Anstice turned faint and Miss Moore helped her back into her bath-chair. Since then, my aunt has shown more pleasure in their society than in anything else."

"Do they live here too, in the house?"

"Oh no! They left Abbot's Leigh two months or more ago, and are now lodging with my old watch-making friend, David Macvie, at Barnsby. It seems that old Macvie bought a business at Barnsby a little while ago, and these two sisters followed in his wake, I suppose; there was always some curious sort of link between them."

"It gives one an eerie kind of feeling to hear of so many former acquaintances turning up in our new home."

"Katherine Moore is an acquaintance worth keeping, at any rate. She has been spending a few days with Mrs. Anstice, but goes back with David to-night."

The windows of the room they entered were already closed and curtained, but there was a shaded lamp on a table by a sofa, on which the invalid lay. Its rays showed Alma a pale, haggard face turned towards the door to greet her. Wynyard took her up to the sofa, and her hands were laid hold of by two thin feverish hands, and almost before she was aware the sick lady had drawn her down and kissed her on the forehead. Wynyard pushed a chair forward within the circle of the lamp-light, and Alma sat down, uncomfortably conscious of two large hungry eyes exploring her face as though to find out if there was any promise of help there for a wounded soul. Alma wished the ordeal over, and yet when Mrs. Anstice turned away from her at last, and when she saw how the hollow eyes softened as they rested upon Wynyard's face, she had a curious sense of having been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

While Mrs. Anstice talked to Wynyard Alma had leisure to notice the other occupants of the room. A young lady in black sat working at the end of the sofa. She looked up and answered when Wynyard addressed her, but kept in the background till the conversation was interrupted by a violent

fit of coughing on Mrs. Anstice's part; then she came forward to raise the sufferer's pillows, and, when the paroxysm was over, remained supporting her, stroking back the hair with skilful fingers, whose touch seemed to have a mesmeric power of soothing. That then was Katherine Moore, whose name used to come so often into Emmie West's talk, and against whom Alma had felt in old times just enough antagonism to make her reappearance in this new sphere a disagreeable *contretemps*. As the frown of suffering passed from Mrs. Anstice's face, a gentler expression stole over it, and a glance of gratitude transfigured her sad eyes into momentary beauty.

"See," she said, turning to Wynyard as soon as she could speak, "Miss Christabel Moore has sent me another little picture to-day. I like it better than any of the others I have had from her, though they all comfort me. You may take it into your hand and look at it if you like."

The picture referred to rested against a small frame upon the table, and when Wynyard had examined it he passed it on to Alma. She had noticed it before as it stood in the full lamp-light, and had wondered at its beauty, thinking that the delicate colouring and the radiant glory on the central figure reminded her of some of Blake's drawings. A closer inspection confirmed the resemblance. The picture was contained within a circle not larger than might have served for an initial letter, but, small as it was, there was a wonderful amount of delicate work in it, curves melting into curves and exquisite colour into colour. The lower part of the picture expressed vaguely, dark, rolling water just touched by a light that further off grew brighter, illuminating the shore, upon which there stood a slender, youthful figure with upturned face and outstretched hands, holding a cross, and raising it towards a yet stronger light overhead. The whole atmosphere of the picture was full of light and peace and hope, and yet in

the wonder of the face, and in the very air of new-born strength shown in the poise of the figure, whose feet just touched the shore, there was a suggestion of past trouble and difficulty, something that spoke of a dark, long night that had preceded the glad day, of a faint or indifferent heart surprised and touched by an unexpected and undeserved welcome to the shores of light.

Wynyard came to look over Alma's shoulder before she had finished with the picture, and pointed out the beauty and completeness of the work. He told her that Mrs. Anstice had several other drawings of the same kind, all done by Miss Moore's sister, now too great an invalid to leave her room, and when Mrs. Anstice held out her hand as if impatient to restore the treasure to its place, he asked permission to show the other pictures to Miss Rivers. When leave was granted Katherine brought a portfolio and stood opposite Alma and Wynyard, showing the drawings, but guarding them, so Alma fancied, a little jealously against too close an inspection, and never allowing them to pass out of her own hands. They were all of the same mystical character, but varied in detail. Here the whole picture seemed to grow and expand out of a small decaying seed—stalks, leaves, and flowers which, unclosing, disclosed angel faces and branched upwards towards infinite light. Here a crowd of seraph faces bent over a rose, from one of whose leaves depended an empty chrysalis, and on whose heart two caterpillars were feeding. Here again was the shore of light with the wide sea, but in this there was no figure visible on the further verge; a golden mist brooded over it, and on the near bank were two persons bending down to loosen the fastenings that held a boat to the strand. In another, a woman with a face full of yearning and hope held a casket in her arms, outstretched towards heaven. A message or a parable was contained in each picture. Alma,

who was less occupied than Wynyard with the beauty of the drawings, stole every now and then a questioning look at Katherine Moore to see if there was anything in her countenance or manner when she answered Wynyard's questions as to the meaning of the designs, that would throw light on the mystery of their composition or on the reason of their being sent to Mrs. Anstice. What interest had these sisters in her to induce them to give so much time and thought to her consolation?

"Katherine tells me the drawings are given to her sister for me," Mrs. Anstice was now remarking to Wynyard; "and though I am always glad of a new one, I think the old ones get dearer to me every day, and that a fresh hope steals into my heart each time I look at them—hopes that I should not dare to listen to if they were put into words. These pictures are better than words, they never startle and they never hurry me, but they creep into my heart and comfort me I don't know how. You will tell your sister this, won't you?" she added, looking at Katherine. "I don't know why she takes so much trouble for me, or how she knows exactly what I want; but I can't think what I should do without her and you, especially now that Wynyard is going away and I shall have no one else near me I care to see."

Alma looked at Katherine while Mrs. Anstice spoke. Yes, indeed, what was the link between them? how came the sisters to understand her grief better than any one else?

Katherine, happening to turn round suddenly, met the questioning gaze with another as full of meaning, a long steadfast look, which had more in it than a steady putting down of Alma's curiosity. There was that in the look, but there was something else too, and all through the rest of the evening, when she and Wynyard had rejoined Lady Rivers in the drawing-room, Alma questioned with herself what that something was.

Could Katherine Moore feel compassion for *her*, Alma Rivers, on the day when she had seen for the first time the stately house she was soon to enter as its mistress? If it was not pity that softened those clear, judging eyes while they dwelt on her face, what was the meaning of their changed expression? The look haunted Alma like a prophecy or a warning of coming disappointment.

It was late when Katherine got back to the watchmaker's shop at Barnsby, where she and Christabel had lived for the last three months. Christabel was still waiting up for her in their little room, and though she looked white and exhausted, Katherine humoured her by sitting at her side and allowing herself to be minutely cross-questioned on every particular of the visit to Leigh.

It was now two months since Christabel herself had been at Leigh, and Katherine knew she was not likely to be able to go there again while Mrs. Anstice lived. The intercourse, accidentally begun, on which Christabel set such store could only be kept up by means of the little pictures which Katherine had, after much entreaty, consented to convey to Leigh from time to time.

"So they came in and you saw them together; were you satisfied?" Christabel asked after a longer interval of silence than had occurred yet.

Katherine took some time to consider her answer.

"I think she loves him for himself, and that she is perhaps strong enough to bear a great downfall of her ambition bravely if it comes; but she is ambitious and worldly, and as to being satisfied—I cannot be that while you are silent; you know what I would have had you do long since."

"Dearest, we will not discuss that matter; you said you would not ask me again. I promised him that he should tell his mother himself, and you know that their meeting will be soon: it can only be delayed a few weeks longer you

think, and there will still be time for him to win her forgiveness and reconcile her to me, as he always said he would, before I come. I was not to see her while she was angry with him, or me, and I shall not."

"For my sake, Christabel, do not talk so. You have no right to take *that* for granted. It may be natural under all the circumstances, but it is not right; and remember, as your nurse, as well as your sister, I forbid you to talk of it."

"I can obey that order," said Christabel, smiling and stroking Katherine's face. "I won't talk, dear, after to-night. I know it is cruel to you. I have been very cruel to you this last year of my life. I see it clearly now, and that is one of my punishments. I have just taken your life—the grand, beautiful life you had planned to make yours—and I have crushed it out with my own, in snatching at a happiness to which I had no right, which I ought at all events to have waited patiently for. I have been cruel, like all selfish people, and I can only ask you now, as I do in my heart every moment of the day, to forgive me."

"Nay, you are only cruel when you talk of leaving me."

"I must, whenever you raise that question. It is only when you know what I really look forward to that you can help blaming me. I want you to let me keep my promise to him till I see him again, since it will be so soon, and the silence for that time can only hurt our two selves."

"If I could be sure of that! But how do you know that you are not depriving Mrs. Anstice of a great comfort by not letting her know what has been and what may be?"

"Katherine, you don't really think that? I had only to talk to her for a few minutes, and look in her face, to understand his fear of telling her. It would have been hard for her to hear it, if all had been well; but now—to learn from strangers that he died with such a secret between him and

herself, would kindle in her a fire of jealousy that even the chills of death could hardly quench. No, as he always said, he must tell her himself. She has a stern nature, and the life she led with him was full of storms. Yet there was strong love on both sides, and when they meet, perhaps they will be permitted only to remember the love."

"But why do you send her those pictures, if you do not want her to know anything?"

"I am planting a little seed that will bloom out there. She will go with a hidden hope in her heart, and when she looks at it with purged eyes, she will understand, and will be ready for me and for it, if I take it with me."

"Again, dear, you must not say such things."

"I don't want to leave you desolate, Kitty; I have my hope for you too, and this once I will speak of it. I should like something to be paid back into your life, to make up, I don't say for the miss of me, but for the sacrifices these last months have cost you. We are not so poor now that a new charge would be a burden to you. Uncle Christopher's legacy has saved us from anxieties of that nature for the future, and I should like you to have some one to train up in your own views who would repay you better than I have done. If my child is a girl, all will be comparatively easy. No one need ever know the whole history but Lord Anstice; he will make it all right for her, and you can take her away to Zürich and live with your friends there, and make her what you would have been but for me. I know it won't annul the hardship to you, darling. I have broken your heart nearly, and spoilt your life, but at least I see where I was wrong, and have repented and been forgiven. These are precious months of waiting and learning we are having together, and, dearest, I think your life will be the richer and stronger for them. You will carry out some of our old dreams still, with a new spirit put

into the old aspirations; and you will think sometimes, won't you, when you are working for others, that you have a double life's work laid upon you—mine, that I threw away, as well as your own?"

Katherine was stroking Christabel's thin hand as she talked, and instead of answering, she held the almost transparent fingers to the light. "They are very thin," she said, sadly; "too thin—and yet they look as if they had a good deal of work left in them yet. They never did such beautiful things before as they do now, and I can't believe that this wonderful new power has come to them to cease in a few months. No, dear; you, too, have a life of activity for others before you."

"Here or there?" said Christabel, softly.

"You must not wish."

"I don't wish. On the contrary, when I am dreaming, a great sorrow and a great yearning come over me. I feel the half-developed power in me, and I see visions of beautiful art-work that would have been given to me to do if I had been faithful to my calling, and not snatched at a personal happiness I could not reach without treading down other people's good. Then I find it hard to hush my spirit and refrain from longing for the opportunities given back. I don't turn away from life if it is given, I only acknowledge the monition I have within myself that I have forfeited it, and that I shall not have the chance now of doing here what I was meant to do."

"Of course I know there is no use arguing against presentiments, but I must be true to my knowledge and remind you that they are not uncommon in your circumstances, or much to be regarded. There is an alternative which I think you don't look at enough, and which I must bring forward once more, to urge you to speak, or to let me speak, to Lord Anstice before it is quite too late. I heard this afternoon that an early day next month

is fixed for Lord Anstice's wedding. Suppose some morning, three months hence, he suddenly hears that an heir is born to his cousin, in whose favour title and estates will have to be given up, what a mockery the grand wedding for which the Rivers are preparing, will then seem to every one!"

"Nay, surely not. What will it signify to two people, happy in each other, whether they had a grand or a simple wedding? Did not Lord Anstice tell you that he and Miss Rivers were engaged on their journey home from La Roquette before they knew anything about his change of fortune. They meant to have each other all the time, it seems, and this flash of prosperity, if it should turn out to be only temporary, will seem to them to have come in good time to bring them together without opposition."

"You hardly estimate what the disappointment must be to people who know more of the world than you do, dearest."

"Ah, but I do. It is you who under-estimate what a help it will be to them under the disappointment to have had that chief matter of their lives put beyond question before the reverse came. It would be all that less to think of; and if she is worth anything at all, she would hardly have a thought to spare from thankfulness that she had the right to comfort him."

"I wish I had not felt such a strong impulse to warn Miss Rivers this evening when I saw her. I observed her from the window in Mrs. Anstice's room when she came out after dinner with Lord Anstice, and afterwards, while she was turning over the pictures in your portfolio, I took a long look at her face, and the result was that I had a longing to warn them both."

"I wish I could recall her face quite clearly," Christabel said. "I have been trying all day to bring it back to my memory. Emmie West once showed me her photograph, and

occasionally I had a peep in Saville Street. Surely we used to like her face, there was something fine about it."

"Yes, and something weak as well. The weakness that is fostered by living among people who have few enthusiasms; the weakness of lacking the single eye—a want that leaves the whole body full of darkness when a choice between outward and inward good has to be made. I think the weakness has grown too, and that there is a shadow on the face which used not to be there."

"But she loves him: it is a true mutual love."

"Since the engagement preceded this change of fortune I suppose we ought not to doubt that. I told you that I had had the courage to put a leading question to Lord Anstice, and that he seemed glad to let me know how it had been. He is not changed by his changed fortunes; he was just as anxious to bespeak our good opinion and friendship for his wife, as if he had been going to take her to those rooms over the printing-office he once described to us instead of to Leigh. I don't know any one who stands outside his circumstances as he does."

"Then he is ready for whatever happens. And as for Alma Rivers, if her spirit is clouded, what can we wish for her better than trouble to bring her to her better self. I do recollect her face now, and I am sure there is good enough in it to give us ground for believing that she will rise to meet the disappointment bravely if it comes; and, remember, there are at least two alternatives against its coming."

"Well, dearest, my concern is chiefly with you, and I know we cannot afford to waste your strength in avoidable agitation. I have made my last remonstrance, and shall now keep to our bargain, that if you will obey me inside this house, I will leave your relations with the outside world alone for the present. Now I am going to put you to bed, and read you to sleep

with a bundle of letters from Saville Street that came this morning."

"Do the Wests write from Saville Street still?"

"Yes, but it was their last day. The furniture from 'Air Throne' had been sent to their cottage in Kent, and Mildie writes to us from the empty room, perched on the window-sill, with her writing-desk on her knees—a melancholy tirade, as you shall hear."

"Poor Dr. Urquhart! That was a mistaken prophecy of yours, Katherine. You gave Emmie's heart away very easily when we talked about it at first. I remember you expected to see it flower into love under Dr. Urquhart's courting as surely as the hyacinth roots into bloom, when you had put them in the sun."

"My hyacinths never produced anything but leaves, if you remember, last spring, so my comparison held good, if my prophecy did not. Poor little Emmie!"

"What an inconsistent sigh from you, Dr. Katherine Moore that is to be!"

"Not at all! I have my suspicions about Emmie's reasons for refusing Dr. Urquhart; and even if they were nothing else, I am sure I am right to sigh at the prospect of another incompetent teacher being thrust upon the world to wear herself away with uncongenial work. I wish we could do anything beyond sending that 50*l.* as additional rent for our two years' tenancy of 'Air Throne,' which Mrs. West will not, I think, refuse, now she knows we can so well spare it."

"It is my fault that we must shut ourselves away from all our friends till the end of the year in this out-of-the-way place, where nobody knows us. But never mind, dear Katherine, good sense and gentleness count for something, and Emmie won't do any harm to her pupils for a few months, even without a certificate. After that time your hands will be free, and you can do what you like for her; have her to live with you, and fit her for congenial

work of some sort, since she seems to have a heart of the inconvenient kind that refuses to give itself away as self-interest dictates."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ATÉ.

THE summer had been a very hot one, but September had set in damp and gusty, and the sudden change of temperature brought an increase in Mrs. Anstice's ailments, which cast a degree of gloom over the latter part of the Riverses' visit to Leigh. Lady Rivers naturally resented any hint of alarm respecting the symptoms of an illness resembling her own, and was alternately disposed to fret over the prospect of Alma's being saddled with a permanent invalid in her married home, and to grow agitated under a sudden dread that something immediate might happen to postpone the wedding. To be sure it would only entail a delay of a few weeks, for what was this poor Mrs. Anstice to any of them; but even a short delay would cause grave inconvenience, and would give the Kirkmans a handle to talk. It made Lady Rivers' hair stand on end even to think of the triumph that would fill Mrs. Kirkman's heart, if the smallest excuse were given her for saying that the fine fish for which Miss Rivers had angled so shamelessly, had escaped from her net just as it was landed. "And you know, Alma, she is quite capable of saying that or something still more vulgar, if she could think of it, and she is cleverer than I am, your father says; but then he thinks anybody cleverer than I am." Sir Francis Rivers came to Leigh for the last week of the visit, and his presence diverted from Alma the hearing of some of her mother's complaints and forebodings. On the other hand he brought fresh elements of discomfort into the atmosphere—allusions to his sons' idleness, to the needs of the West boys, and fresh schemes for pushing their fortunes

through Mr. Kirkman, which made Alma wince and blush. Nearly as bad were his floods of professional talk, into which Wynyard was guilty of plunging, with a relish that suggested the amount of *ennui* inflicted on him by Lady Rivers' previous efforts to keep the conversation during meals at the level she considered due to the coronet on the plate and the footmen's liveries. "Encouraging your father in his very worst faults," Lady Rivers moaned, when she and her daughter were alone, "even to the enormity of bringing dusty law books into the drawing-room and looking out quotations with your father for his dreadful book, under my very eyes, while the butler was handing round the tea. The sort of thing I have been fighting against all my life. When I first thought of having an earl for my son-in-law, I little expected he'd take that side, and weaken my hands with your father to this extent. There might have been a want of refinement at Golden Mount, but it would not have been of a kind so fatal to all domestic discipline, the men-servants' feelings were considered there at least. I wonder you can bear it, Alma!"

Yet in spite of these and some other drawbacks, there were portions of that week to which Alma always looked back with tender yearning; golden half-hours during which the peace, and joy, and sunshine of love entered her heart with half promises of always staying there. Evening and morning and mid-day strolls with Wynyard on the terrace; slow rides in quiet lanes between the autumnal hedgerows; exhilarating canters across the stubble of the lately cleared harvest fields; times when the present was full enough to crowd out all remembrance of the past, and fears of the future; when by the help of some country sight or sound she found herself lifted over recent memories and landed in recollections of earlier days which, without any remorse, she could share with Wynyard. True, a very little thing, a chance word, a

sudden question, a name cropping up in the conversation might put an end to all this satisfaction in a minute, and suddenly re-open to Alma's perception the dividing gulf between herself and her lover.

When Alma was next alone after such a happy hour with such an abrupt awakening, she usually comforted herself by making resolutions of perfect frankness towards her husband at some future time. Some day, in this very place, (and before the visit was over, Alma had in thought made half-a-dozen lovely spots out of doors and cosy nooks in the house the scene of the confidence)—some day—when use had given an added sweetness to all the details of life, when they were returning from a walk on some spring evening next year, or after a conversation, perhaps, over an old favourite book by their winter fireside, when some unusual emotion of tenderness had been called out—she would take courage and tell him the whole story. She would begin, "You know me now, and you know how I love you, you cannot doubt the love of your own wife,—well, now I will tell you the truth about myself, how I felt and what I did a year ago; and because you are my husband, and better and stronger than I am, you must help me to bear the flaws in my conscience that make me feel unworthy of you. I am not unworldly as you are, it was not altogether disinterested love that made me marry you. I do care very much to see you here, and perhaps even love you better in a position that I think becomes you, than I could ever have done if you had remained in obscurity. It is not high-minded to feel like this; but it belongs to me, and as we are one now, you have got to bear with it." Then she thought she would begin and tell him straight out the history of Madelon's wedding day, and how she had hidden the letter in the drawer of cut corks in the little south room at La Roquette. It would be a great blow to him. She pictured to herself the changes on his face while

he listened. At first he would hardly believe she had done it; would put a question or two eagerly, half hoping to find some excuse, some explanation that she had forgotten to give; but when it was all over he would not turn away from her, he would take it as a misfortune that concerned them both. He would comfort her, and perhaps even admire her for the courage that had led her to reveal the truth at last.

Alma imagined that after such confession her conscience would be healed, and she would feel at liberty to take his love as really belonging to her in a way she could not do now. This was the plan she made in her happiest moments, but she could not always see it possible, even when she and Wynyard most nearly resumed the old footing of dear and unclouded intimacy. There were occasions when a word or look of his would awaken quite an opposite mood, and she found herself near to registering a vow never to let him have the least hint of a deed that would sink her to a depth of contempt she had not imagined to be in him. Sometimes a terror seized her, whether it was that *one* deception only, which had erected the barrier she found it so hard to pass. Had she been sinking lower, growing smaller, more sordid in her views and aims, while he had been rising higher? Had his life, as Agatha's had, grown so far apart from hers, that "they could not hear each other speak," in however close companionship their days and years were passed?

The hopeful mood was uppermost in Alma's mind on the morning of her departure from Leigh. She and Wynyard had had an early ride, when the fresh touch of autumn in the air, and the dewy beauty of the woods and fields had exhilarated them to a pitch of almost boyish and girlish joyousness. After breakfast, while Wynyard took leave of Mrs. Anstice, she and her father made a final tour of the gardens together, and Alma thoroughly enjoyed his sensible appreciation of the beauty

and grandeur she displayed to him with a sense of proprietorship stealing into her heart. There was nothing in her father's way of speaking to offend her taste. His was the kind of satisfaction that her judgment approved as a fitting homage to the good things of the world. She felt almost restored to self-complacency as she listened, and a word or two dropped by Sir Francis about Wynyard's worth and his probable weight in the country in the coming years, made her heart beat quickly, and her cheeks glow while she whispered to herself that at last she was happy,—as happy as she had ever expected to be. Wynyard met them on the terrace, and Sir Francis left the lovers alone to take a last look at the sunny gardens, and exchange happy auguries for the future.

"It will not be exactly this picture that we shall see when we come back," said Alma, as they turned away from the sparkling fountains and the blaze of autumn flowers, and began to walk towards the house. "The richness and the glory will have mellowed, and the year entered upon another stage before we stand here together again."

"That may be sooner than we have been expecting, dear," answered Wynyard, "for I have just promised Mrs. Anstice that nothing shall prevent my seeing her once more. I could not refuse her the comfort of such an assurance, could I, Alma? And you will not grudge the sacrifice, if we have to make it, of shortening the time of our absence, for her sake. I have said that we will hold ourselves in readiness. Katherine Moore has undertaken to write if any change for the worse should take place whilst we are away."

This was the one jarring note to Alma in the perfect harmony of that happy morning.

She had consented reluctantly that Wynyard should consider himself bound to Mrs. Anstice's service for the few months longer she was likely to live; but it vexed her to be reminded, just in this hour, that he had a duty

unconnected with herself, to which their plans must give way. The vexation she felt upon this account recalled another disturbing thought to her mind.

"Katherine Moore," she repeated, thoughtfully; "you seem to take it for granted that she will go on coming about the place. Has Mrs. Anstice engaged her as companion or nurse? Is there any reason of that kind for all the trouble Miss Moore takes for Mrs. Anstice?"

"I should think not; Miss Moore has had some money left her lately by an uncle who died in Australia. So, at least, she told me when I ventured to remonstrate on her allowing Mrs. Anstice to take up so much of her time."

"I wonder she does. It must be very melancholy work. I wonder she spends so much time with Mrs. Anstice, who is no relation to her, if she is not obliged."

"Do you?" Wynyard answered.

They had reached the carriage by this time, and the conversation dropped.

Alma did not notice how silent Wynyard was during the first hour of the journey, or suspect in the least that she had spoiled his happy recollections of that sunny morning as effectually as he had spoiled hers. Lady Rivers made conversation enough, however, to cover other people's deficiencies. A thousand little details of the wedding-day had to be discussed, and now was the time, she observed, to talk them over. Wynyard, on plea of the recent death in his family, and Mrs. Anstice's precarious state of health, had begged hard for a quiet wedding. It was to be very quiet, Lady Rivers explained to him now, only not quite a hole and corner wedding.

"It will never do, you know," she urged, "to give people the opportunity of saying that we were ashamed of ourselves, and had the wedding in a corner on that account."

Here, once more, for the very last

time, she hoped, Alma had to give her mother a warning look, to prevent her letting drop a further explanatory word respecting the reason for which the Kirkmans might suppose them to be ashamed, for the thought of her old friend Mrs. Kirkman's wrath was too constantly present to Lady Rivers' mind, not to ooze out more or less in her talk when she got excited.

Dread of Mrs. Kirkman's anger was by no means Alma's worst skeleton, but the dimensions it assumed in her mother's imagination, had a certain effect on hers; and at the end of the day, when they were nearing London, she felt a foreboding creep over her, with the familiar thick atmosphere. She half expected Horace Kirkman's face to appear at the carriage window when the train stopped, or to catch a glimpse of the gorgeous Kirkman livery among the carriages that were waiting outside the station. The long train was crowded with less pretentious persons however, chiefly family parties returning from seaside trips, and some delay occurred in getting the luggage together, and finding the carriage.

Sir Francis went outside to look for it, and while Wynyard searched about for a resting-place for Lady Rivers, Alma stood alone and watched the crowd. Did those women, who were struggling for their boxes in the throng by the barrier, or frantically hailing cabs, and collecting trains of children, think her an enviable specimen of womankind, she wondered, for being able to stand quietly aside, and let things take their course? Could she imagine herself acting such a bustling part in life? Yet were there not, a long way back in her memory, pictures of some such comings home from holiday excursions, when the boys were still quite small, and the army of nursemaids by no means equal to the occasion? Was there not some story about Frank having been lost on a return journey from the seaside, left behind at a London terminus, and brought home by a gentleman who

had been greatly taken with his handsome face and intelligent way of accounting for himself. It was a story her father had once, in the days when Frank was still a favourite, been fond of telling, till Lady Rivers began to think it reflected on their grandeur, and put her veto upon its ever being mentioned again.

Alma wondered afterwards what made her think of Frank just then, why a vision of him,—a slender bright-faced school-boy as he looked at the time when papa could still flatter himself about his good disposition, and be eager about his removes and prizes,—should be the last that occupied her mind before she caught sight of her father coming back on the station platform. One glance at his face chased all thought away, and her heart stood still with fright, so clearly was disaster written upon it. She hurried towards him, for he scarcely seemed able to stand, and his first movement was to grasp her by the shoulder, and lean heavily upon her. His face was white and drawn, and his body bowed, as if under the effect of a deadly blow.

"Oh, papa! what is it?" she cried, when a second or two had passed, while his twitching lips could not form a word. "Tell me, that I may tell mamma."

Then he rallied, and stood upright.

"Yes, yes, your mother—I cannot see her at this moment, you must get her home first. I will follow and tell her when she is a little prepared; but get her home now."

"What is it?"

"A telegram from India put into my hands this moment."

"Is it Melville or Frank?" Alma whispered.

The answer was a deep groan, and a quick shake of the head. Then in a far-off tone, which somehow seemed to come from over the sea, instead of through her father's pale lips, she heard—

"He is dead! my boy, my poor boy "

No need again to ask which. Frank, poor Frank, of whom her father had once been so proud, who had disappointed him most cruelly, and always been loved the best, by both father and mother.

"You must take your mother home," Sir Francis repeated; "there's the telegram, but don't show it until you have her safe in the house. I could not drive with you; no, my dear, I could not sit it out. Forgive me for throwing the burden on you, but I will walk with Wynyard, and be at home almost as soon as you are. Ah! Wynyard was the best friend he ever had, and he wanted me not to send him to India. If I had put him into some humbler way of life—if your mother had not urged me so hard—and now, how am I to tell her the miserable end he has brought upon himself!"

The drive home with Lady Rivers, a little anxious, but still more offended at her husband's sudden desertion, was got through somehow, as the worst moments of life are lived through, we never afterwards quite know how.

Alma knelt by her mother's chair in the drawing-room, already a little put out of its usual appearance, by incipient preparations for the wedding, and tried, through leading remarks and questions, to prepare her for the shock that must be given sooner or later. It seemed a long, long time, before her father's knock came, and yet she had not got the news told when she heard it. Her mother's thoughts would turn to such thoroughly opposite calamities from the one that awaited her,—fears that Alma's sick heart loathed to speak about, and yet which she was obliged to discuss and dismiss—that something had occurred between Constance and her husband, a quarrel, a separation; a scandal about young Lawrence; that the late Lord Anstice had suddenly come to life, and reduced Wynyard to a nobody again; that the Kirkmans had said or done something to prevent the

wedding. Sir Francis's face as he entered the room did more than anything else to bring the right thought to poor Lady Rivers' mind, the right word to her lips.

"Frank!" Yes, nothing but that would make Sir Francis look so. The name of the firstborn, beloved, and yet a little dreaded, (had it not been uttered in blame chiefly, during the last year or two) burst simultaneously from the lips of the bereaved parents as they faced one another. After a few minutes Alma thought it best to steal away, leaving the two who had loved each other dearly once, though worldliness and prosperity had thrust their hearts asunder, to draw together, in the shadow of the first death that had invaded their family.

But terrible as was that night of new sorrow, sad as were the following days, when one short inscrutable sentence summed up the whole cause of their grief, there was worse to come. "Killed in a duel," on such a date, the telegram stated, and the intelligence seemed bad enough, as if nothing could make it worse. Yet there was worse to be heard, and it fell the more heavily on Sir Francis, because, during the fortnight that elapsed between getting the telegram and the arrival of letters, the gentle process of beautifying the dead had had time to go far enough to make a rude facing of hard facts additionally bitter. To have restored one's dead to a pedestal in the heart, and dressed him up in lost graces and innocences of youth, and then to have a tale of his dishonour thrust upon one, of base intrigue, ending in what might well be called a deserved punishment at the hand of the friend he had betrayed—what could be more heartrending? A good deal was kept from Alma and Lady Rivers as unfit for their ears; but they could not escape gathering a general impression of disgrace and misery from the extreme depression into which Sir Francis fell after additional news came. It was vacation-time, and there was no work going on

in the courts, or he would probably have roused himself to attend to it, and borne the blow better. To see him so absorbed by grief as to lose interest in all his usual objects, was something quite new to his family, who did not know how to meet such a crisis. It was well for them all that Wynyard was at hand, willing to let himself be made the recipient of the miserable father's complaints, and with a liking for his friend of early days which made him a sympathising listener. Alma left the task of comforting her father mainly to him, and did not take advantage of times when they might have been together to let him comfort her, as he longed to be able to do. She was somewhat perversely wretched at this juncture, and nursed a sense of loneliness to which the present state of the household tempted her. With her father and mother the great calamity swallowed up all thought of her personal disappointment, and she found herself wondering sometimes whether the postponement of their wedding was anything like as great a vexation to Wynyard as it was to herself. He could talk easily of a few weeks' delay, but to her a feverish restlessness came with the uncertainty. She was too proud to show that she suffered more than he, when the day that was to have been their crowning day passed by unnoticed: the hours that should have been so joyous slipping by in gloomy solitude. Her mother never talked about the wedding now, and seldom of the Kirkmans. There was no longer any need to fear indiscretion from her. Wynyard had almost ceased to be a future son-in-law, or even an earl, in her estimation. He was just Frank's friend, the one person who had ever done any good with poor Frank, and she would monopolise him when he was not with Sir Francis in a way that was very trying to Alma, so completely did it seem to put her and her claims aside as non-existent.

Alma did not show to advantage in her mother's sick-room, and she felt

that she did not. It was not altogether her fault, for Lady Rivers had never made her a companion for anything but society purposes: the idea of taking this brilliant daughter into real service as a nurse, or comforter, would have been almost as unnatural to her as the thought of putting on her court pearls to go to bed in. Even a common sorrow could not draw them together at once, or annul in Alma's heart the antagonism which dated from early years, when the false-ness and pretension of which Lady Rivers' life was so largely made up, first dawned upon her, and which had coloured her whole manner of being towards her mother.

It did not help her that Lady Rivers was always longing after Emmie West, and would entertain Wynyard with histories of Emmie's pleasantness and sweetness of temper, and agreeable methods of making the hours pass at La Roquette. It seemed, Alma thought, almost a mania with her mother to talk about La Roquette to Wynyard whenever she ceased to speak of Frank, and she found herself taking a miserable sickly interest, and criticising the few remarks that he made in reply to these praises. They never quite satisfied her. She always thought he said a word too much, or a word too little, when he had to speak about Emmie's perfections, and daily the sense of loneliness grew, hardening like a crust over her heart, and stiffening her manner till she hardly knew herself.

The days crept on, and October arrived before the elders of the family could be roused to make any plans, or consent to a change of abode; but at length the re-appearance of some

symptoms in Lady Rivers of the illness from which she had suffered last winter, gave the necessary impetus to decision.

It was rather hastily determined that Sir Francis should take his family to San Remo, while there was still time for him to settle them there before his duties called him back to London. Wynyard was to join Lady Rivers and Alma a little later on; and there would be no reason why the deferred wedding should not take place at San Remo about the end of the year, when Sir Francis would again be able to come out to them.

Wynyard urged this, trying to put things in the very best light when the last days before his parting with Alma came, and he insisted on having more of her company than she had afforded him hitherto. She listened to his plans, and tried to be hopeful—tried hard to soften out of the cold anger against herself and her circumstances, that held her like a possession. Sometimes she succeeded, telling herself that all might yet be well in a few weeks; and sometimes, while Wynyard talked of the pleasant southern air, and the sunshine that would gladden their next meeting, a deadlier heart-sickness than she had yet known assailed her—a vivid recollection of the sights, and sounds, and scents of Madelon's wedding-morning rose with Wynyard's words, and she whispered to herself that by no possibility could a day in that likeness bring her happiness. Oh, no! she had poisoned all such days for herself for ever, and could not, try as she would, see herself a triumphant bride in circumstances that would bring her fault so livingly before her.

To be continued.

VIVISECTION.

GREAT dissatisfaction exists in the minds of many people with regard to the provisions and working of "The Cruelty to Animals Act of 1876." There were those who declared originally that the Act, in the form in which it was finally passed, was insufficient for the protection of animals liable to painful experiments; and it is now asserted that the returns which have been made under the Act prove that such an apprehension was only too well founded. I propose, then, in this paper to examine on what principles, and under what conditions and limitations, the use of painful experiments upon animals is justifiable, and to compare the conclusions that may be arrived at with the provisions and application of the Act of 1876, for the purpose of discovering whether that Act is sufficient for the regulation of the practice of vivisection, or whether any amendments may require to be made in it, in order that an end may be put to all reasonable anxiety on the subject.

Let me begin by noticing that the word "vivisection" only imperfectly marks out the ground which it is our purpose to survey. It is obvious that there are several kinds of painful experiments performed on animals—such as inoculation with disease, or the administration of poisons—which do not involve any "section" or cutting; and as these experiments must be comprehended in any adequate treatment of the subject, I must ask the reader to remember that in the present paper I use the word "vivisection" in an extended sense, to denote all painful treatment of living animals for the purposes of medical or biological science.

As soon, then, as the question is asked, "What are the conditions and

limitations of the legitimate use of vivisection?" it is likely to be met by objections coming from two exactly opposite quarters. On the one hand there seem to be some who would say, or if they did not venture actually to say would appear to think, that there are no limitations at all to the use of painful experiments upon animals; while on the other side there are some who believe, or act as if they believed, that under no possible conditions can such experiments be justified. Each of these extreme views demands a little consideration before we can proceed unhesitatingly with our inquiry.

I can hardly suppose that any one would bring forward, as justifying a total disregard for animal suffering, the idea attributed to Descartes, that animals are simply automata, having no real spontaneity of action. Starting as such a confession may appear to many, I believe myself that there is a profound truth in this idea, and that it does, when properly understood, express with remarkable vividness and accuracy the essential distinction between animals and men. But it is only true with an explanation which entirely does away with the force of it as a plea for indifference to the way in which the lower animals may be treated by mankind. The full statement of the idea runs thus—"Animals are automata, of which sensation is a part of the machinery." Now it is sensation, and not spontaneity or free-will, that constitutes a claim upon our kindness.

But it is more probable that the assertion of a right to do what we please with the lower animals will be rested on the paramount value and importance of man; and especially on his immeasurable superiority, as being

the only animal capable of the pursuit of science. For the unbeliever I know not what other answer can be made to this than that he has himself almost done away with the paramount value and importance of man, seeing that he will not allow him to be either the image of God in this world or the inheritor of His glory in the next; and further, that it is a mere assumption that the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, and independently of all religious, moral, and beneficent considerations, has any superiority over any other pursuit that may have a high degree of attractiveness. I am afraid I shall give a shock to some minds when I say that to me a philosopher scenting out and hotly pursuing a new idea, or a new fact, simply under the influence of a strong scientific instinct, does not seem obviously to hold any immeasurable superiority over his dog eagerly pursuing a rat under the influence of a keen sense of smell. I say this with the less scruple because the scientific instinct is very strong in myself, and I feel that if it were not for my Christian faith it might very soon run away with me. But I suspect that the claim to gratify that instinct at any cost to the lower animals will turn out, when stripped of all misleading phraseology, to be nothing else than the claim of the strong to do what they please with the weak—the claim which a tiger has to slay and devour a man if he be able. He who asserts such a right as this should be very sure indeed that there is no one stronger than he in heaven, or earth, or hell, lest haply the curse of the law which he has sanctioned should fall with all its misery upon himself.

But for those who hold the Christian faith, while on the one hand man's immeasurable superiority over the lower animals is guaranteed, the claim of these animals upon his consideration is no less clearly vindicated. For since even the infinite superiority and right of mastership of God over His creatures does not render Him in-

different to their sufferings, or careless how He treats them, nothing that can be alleged on behalf of man's dignity can authorise a contemptuous disregard for the interests of the sentient animal world over which dominion has been given him. "The Lord is loving unto every man, and His mercy is over all His works;" "The Lord shall save both man and beast;" "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," or rather "to all the creation"—that "whole creation" which "groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now," but which "itself also shall be redeemed from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God." Such words as these reserve the supremacy of man, and yet bind up with that supremacy the happiness of the dumb creation. And nowhere perhaps is the Divine regard for the weaker sentient creatures set forth so strongly as in that great argument of our Lord for trust in the providence of God, which is grounded upon the paramount dignity of man. "Ye are of more value than many sparrows" was the declaration of Him who could rightly estimate our worth; but the confidence to be derived from that pre-eminence depended upon the assertion of the Divine guardianship even over a sparrow—"Not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father." If then we would be the "children of our Father which is in heaven," if we would be "merciful as our Father also is merciful" we must not think it a light matter to inflict death, mutilation, or suffering on the little animals whom He has put into our power.

Shall we then go to the other extreme, and say that man has no right to inflict suffering upon the lower animals? This view seems equally shut out by any careful consideration of the revelation of God. If without our Father not a sparrow shall fall to the ground, then it is with Him that, for man's sake, the little bird is shot or snared. Ultimately, through what-

ever intermediate agency we may trace the matter back, it is only by denying some of the attributes of God that we can remove from Him the responsibility of animal as well as human suffering. And that in His universe one being should suffer for the sake of another is not a rare accident, but a fundamental law, affecting the whole chain of existence from Himself downwards. Nor would it be true to say that such martyrdom—for so, I believe, in every case we may rightly name it—can only be justified when the sacrifice is voluntary on the part of the victim:—the babes who died in Bethlehem instead of the Divine Babe, and the mothers whose hearts were torn by their cries, had no more choice in the matter than the poor dog who is fastened down and dissected while alive. In such an event a Christian must surely look beyond Herod, or any other intermediate agent, and confess with awe and yet with affiance that a most righteous and loving God has seen fit to make innocent suffering a part of the scheme of His Divine government. But if this be so, then there are reasons and occasions which justify the infliction of such suffering; and the mere fact that what we do causes pain to man or beast is not sufficient to condemn the doing of it, without taking into consideration the purpose for which it is done and the motives we have in doing it. So then the question comes back—vindicated, I think, from objection on either side—“What are the conditions and limitations of the legitimate use of vivisection?”

In order that we may not consider this question in a vague and general manner, but may grapple with the real facts of the case, let us first notice what are the various purposes for which painful experiments on animals have been, or conceivably might be, made use of. Although I can hardly hope that my statement of them will commend itself to all minds as satisfactory, I will endeavour to arrange these purposes in an ascending order

of utility or importance. Such experiments, then, may be employed—

1. For purposes of demonstration or teaching.
2. For the acquisition of skill in operating.
3. For the verification of supposed facts or discoveries in physiology, which may seem to need confirmation.
4. For the discovery of new facts in physiology or biology.
5. To ascertain whether surgical operations hitherto untried are practicable, and are likely to prove safe and successful.

6. To study the nature, progress or action, and treatment or remedies, of diseases, poisons, and other influences injurious to the human body.

Let us take each of these cases separately and endeavour to ascertain first the principles which regulate its use, and then how far the Act of 1876 has embodied these principles.

1. With regard, then, to the infliction of pain upon animals in order that they may be used for purposes of demonstration, it will not, I think, be alleged that anything can be taught in this way which cannot be learnt otherwise, either by dissections, diagrams, or verbal explanations; so that the only object, apparently, of such demonstrations is to teach more vividly and impressively facts which without them the pupil would grasp less readily and tenaciously. And if this moderate amount of benefit could only be secured by the actual suffering of the animals operated upon, I think we ought to have no hesitation in condemning this use of vivisection altogether; the agony of a living creature is too solemn a thing to be employed as a sort of *memoria technica*, or to save the pupil a little more trouble and application. That could hardly be a wholesome condition of feeling in master or scholar which would lead either the one or the other to readily accept such a mode of teaching as this. If, however, by the use of anaesthetics, and the death of the animal while still under their influence, all serious suf-

fering can be prevented, the matter assumes a different aspect; it then becomes merely a question whether we have a right to kill animals for the purpose of instructing the mind, just as we do for the purpose of nourishing the body. When put in this way I suppose we can none of us hesitate to answer the question in the affirmative; but in allowing this answer I must attach to it the caution that, even in its lowest forms, life is to the Christian a mysterious and sacred thing, as involving an operation of that Holy Spirit Who is the "Giver of Life," and that, except in the case of noxious creatures, and those which are in such a condition that life is a misery or a burden, we ought, I think, to be careful and sparing in our use of the liberty to take it. Provided, however, that such demonstrations are reserved for the illustration of facts which are at once important and difficult to be apprehended, and that the animals which are the subjects of them are operated upon, and killed, in a state of unconsciousness, it does not seem that there can be good reason to cry out for their abolition. And since these are exactly the conditions which the Act of 1876 in this case insists upon, ordering that "experiments" on living animals "shall not be performed as an illustration of lectures in medical schools," except under a "licence from one of her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State," granted upon a certificate from some highly-qualified authority "that the proposed experiments are absolutely necessary for the due instruction" of the pupils; and only then with the proviso that the animals upon whom they are performed shall, "during the whole of the experiment, be under the influence of some anæsthetic of sufficient power to prevent the animal feeling pain," "and shall be killed before it recovers from the influence of the anæsthetic which has been administered;" when all this care has been taken to regulate this employment of vivisection, it would seem that every security against abuse

that can be afforded by Acts of Parliament has been obtained, and that, as far as this part of the subject is concerned, no reasonable ground exists for a demand that the Act of 1876 shall be amended.

2. It is the less necessary for me to dwell upon the second case, that of the employment of vivisection for the purpose of acquiring manual skill in operating, because, in regard to this country, the inquiry is of no practical importance, such a use of painful experiments on animals being absolutely forbidden by the Act. I will only observe therefore that if there were any strong necessity that facility and rapidity in operating should be attained by such experiments, the conditions to be observed would appear to be exactly the same as those laid down in the previous case; the training of the eye and hand by this method not differing, in respect of the restrictions and cautions to be applied to it, from the instruction of the mind. I suppose, however, it is generally felt that dexterity in operating can be sufficiently well acquired by the diligent practice of dissections, *post-mortem* examinations, and minor surgical operations, before any serious attempt is made on the human body, and that no one therefore has any wish to modify the provision of the Act prohibiting the employment of living animals for this purpose.

3. Nor need the third use of vivisection—its employment in order to test supposed facts or discoveries—detain us long; for this must evidently stand on exactly the same footing with experiments made for the purpose of original discovery. To whatever extent, and under whatever conditions, these are justifiable, the attempt to verify or refute, by the use of animal suffering, asserted facts or discoveries, when there is good ground for doubt as to their reality, must be so equally. We can therefore better discuss the whole matter under the next head, merely observing that what is specially essential in the present case, viz.,

that the verificatory experiments shall only be made where there is real uncertainty, seems to be amply secured in the Act of 1876, which provides that a certificate shall first be given by very high medical authority "that such testing is absolutely necessary for the effectual advancement of physiological knowledge, or of knowledge which will be useful for saving or prolonging life, or alleviating suffering."

4. We come now to that class of experiments in which lie the real difficulties of the question, viz., those in which animal suffering is employed for the discovery of new facts in physiological or biological science. And here I think regard must be had to the purpose with which the increase of scientific knowledge is thus sought. The experimenter may be in search of further knowledge on some point which is, to him, a mere matter of curiosity, having, so far as can at present be seen, no bearing on the treatment of disease or accident, the prolongation of life, or the alleviation of suffering, and throwing no light on any question important to the well-being, physical or spiritual, of mankind. His object may be simply the gratification of what I have called the scientific instinct, or even the acquisition of scientific fame. Can experiments on animals be rightly undertaken in this frame of mind? At the risk of being thought over-scrupulous by some, I must answer that—if they entail suffering—they cannot. And even when they are performed under the influence of anaesthetics, and the animal is killed in a state of unconsciousness, so that no pain is inflicted, I must still express a doubt whether—except in the case of noxious animals, or those whose life has become a burden to them—a man has the right to destroy life, in order to gratify his own lust of knowledge, or lust of fame. The desire of knowledge for its own sake is a strong natural instinct, or perhaps in some cases a strong acquired taste; and probably the ardour of the pursuit, and the exercise of skill which it calls

forth, are often even more pleasurable than the attainment of that which is sought for: but unless it can be shown that such pursuit is eminently beneficial to the bodily, mental, or spiritual health of him who is engaged in it, the keen zest which is felt in following it, cannot, I think, rightly be enjoyed at the cost of the death or suffering of sentient beings. I know it will be urged in mitigation of this judgment that all fresh knowledge, in however purposeless a manner it may have been arrived at, may by and by turn out to be of eminent practical utility. This is perfectly true; but this is only one of the many ways in which evil is overruled for good; and such a beneficial result, when it arrives, can no more excuse the man who tortured an animal without any reference to it, than can the infinitely glorious consequences, which will arise out of man's knowledge of good and evil, excuse the sinful act by which our first parents brought that knowledge into the world. In short, as that primæval instance teaches, valuable and even godlike knowledge may sometimes be acquired by foul methods as well as by fair; but that must not lead us to excuse or imitate the faithless selfishness which gratifies its lust of knowledge foully. And here, I think, we have arrived at a point in which the Act of 1876 may require to be amended. I say "may require," because it may turn out that, as a matter of fact, no licences are granted for painful experiments under such circumstances as I am deprecating. But the Act, by allowing experiments to be made "with a view to the advancement by new discovery of physiological knowledge," as distinguished from "knowledge which will be useful for saving or prolonging life, or alleviating suffering," does seem to leave the door open for experiments which may have no beneficial object or bearing whatever. Now, I must not be supposed to imply that no other physiological knowledge can be beneficial than that which is useful for medical

or sanitary purposes; on the contrary, I can conceive of discoveries in physiology utterly incapable of ever being turned to any medical use, and yet having a profound interest and utility in reference to morality, psychology, or religious belief. For instance, I should myself consider that a large amount of animal life and suffering would most legitimately be expended on a series of experiments which should demonstrate that the phenomena of life were due to a distinct vital force—not the resultant of mechanical, chemical, and the other recognised physical forces, but additional to, and dominating, all these. For such a demonstration would have a most important and salutary bearing on the question of the nature of death, and the permanence through death of the identity of the organized body. But where the experimenter is unable to show that he has any beneficent object whatever in seeking the knowledge which he strives to win by painful experiments on animals, I think that the licence to make these experiments should be denied him.

It may perhaps be alleged that no experiments ever have been, or ever would be, made without a distinctly beneficial object. This is a matter about which it is very difficult for one like myself, not belonging to the medical profession, and having no personal acquaintance with physiological experiments, to form a judgment; but certainly it does appear to an outsider that many of the series of experiments which have been made on animals could never have been reasonably expected to lead to any useful result; and I am afraid it must be acknowledged as a matter of fact, that no good whatever has accrued from by far the larger number of them. Now, if in some of these instances it can be shown that the objects of the experimenters were not important, beneficial, and likely to be attained, then I must most earnestly appeal to educated gentlemen not to let either professional sympathies, or scientific

interests, or indignation at popular exaggeration, tempt them to screen or palliate such inhumanity, but to remember that the search for truth is only then high and noble, when the seeker is led on, guided, or at least restrained, by the hand of an all-embracing charity.

Even if it should be proved that there was no such abuse of vivisection in any of these cases as at first sight might appear, yet looking at the intense thirst for knowledge and for scientific fame which exists at the present day, and the ever-growing danger of its illegitimate indulgence, it might be well that the Act of 1876 should receive that slight amendment which would shut out the possibility of mere experiments of curiosity, and oblige every applicant for a licence, or for a certificate, to show that he had a distinctly good purpose in inflicting pain or taking life, and to prove that there was a fair likelihood of that purpose being accomplished. I should propose therefore that, in the third section of the Act, in the first restriction, which now stands thus—"The experiment must be performed with a view to the advancement by new discovery of physiological knowledge," the words "substantial and beneficial" should be introduced before the word "advancement," so that the sentence would run thus—"The experiment must be performed with a view to the *substantial and beneficial* advancement by new discovery of physiological knowledge." There should be an analogous alteration in the fourth proviso, at the end of the same section; and this proposal will complete my discussion of the previous case—that in which vivisection is used for purposes of verification. That proviso is, that "Experiments may be performed not directly for the advancement by new discovery of physiological knowledge . . . but for the purpose of testing a particular former discovery alleged to have been made for the advancement of such knowledge;" and I suggest that it should read thus—"Experiments may

be performed not directly for the advancement by new discovery of physiological knowledge but for the purpose of testing a particular *important and beneficial* discovery alleged to have been made for the advancement of such knowledge." It may very likely be the case that these alterations are not absolutely necessary, because even now no license or certificate would be granted without an assurance that the experiments it covered had a beneficial purpose; but even so, no harm would be done by the words proposed to be inserted, and they might be the means of guarding against abuse creeping in at some future time.

5. We may now pass to the fifth division of our subject, and consider the case of experiments which might be made upon animals with the directly beneficent object of extending the limits of practical surgical operation. Such a use of vivisection would, I apprehend, be very rare; but it is conceivable that a new form of operation might suggest itself to a skilful surgeon, which, if it succeeded, would be a great boon for the relief of pain or incapacity, or the preservation of life, but which he might shrink from the responsibility of applying first of all to a human being. In such a case it seems to me that it would be perfectly legitimate to try it on a sufficient number of animals to allow of a judgment being formed as to its practicability, and the probability of its success. In these instances the operation would be performed on the animals—as they would be in the human subject—under the influence of anesthetics; but it might be necessary that the animals should be kept alive after they regained their consciousness, and indeed that all pains should be taken to recover them permanently. I can imagine that in this way most valuable experience might be acquired, which would either prevent a waste of human life or suffering, or on the other hand prove the possibility of increasing the benefits of

surgery to mankind. Such experiments would, I believe, be permitted by the Act; and its provisions seem amply sufficient to guard them from abuse.

6. Lastly, we come to those experiments on animals which are made for the purpose of studying the nature and progress or action of diseases, poisons, and other injurious influences, with a view to their prevention, treatment, or remedy. And here I must say that, if the opponents of vivisection were to succeed in carrying out their principles to their logical conclusion, by getting such experiments prohibited, it seems to me that their success would be nothing short of a calamity to the human race. We have here, I think, a *reductio ad absurdum* of extreme anti-vivisectionism. No one, I imagine, can fairly overlook the immense benefits which have resulted, and the still greater gains which are likely to accrue, from the employment of this method of investigation. And yet experiments on animals, depending on the administration of poisons, or inoculation with disease, or exposure to other noxious influences, may involve, in order to be effective, protracted misery, which cannot be deadened with anesthetics, or shortened by a merciful infliction of death. For the employment of such experiments, the Act of 1876 leaves room under due restrictions; and I can hardly believe that any thoughtful man would wish to abridge the liberty thus given. But if this is so, on what principle can any other use of vivisection be forbidden, of which the purpose is adequately important and beneficial?

The returns made under the Act show that, up to the 21st of May, 1878, only seven certificates had been given for the use of experiments without anesthetics, and only fifteen for dispensing with the obligation to kill the animals operated upon before the recovery of consciousness. What, I think, would strike most persons is, not the largeness, but the smallness of

the number of experimenters—twenty-two at most in the United Kingdom—who have thus received permission to perform operations inflicting actual pain on animals. But if the number were tenfold greater than it is, it would not prove that any abuse of animal suffering was being perpetrated, unless it could be shown that these certificates were being given and used without any really and sufficiently beneficial object. Any evidence that may be offered on this point ought to be considered very carefully; but unless it should prove to be far clearer than I have any reason to suppose, the conclusion at which I must arrive, after this survey of the whole question, is that the Act of 1876 needs no other amendment than the insertion of the few, but significant, words which I have suggested.

But if this be so, what shall we say of those who, from mistaken motives of humanity, cry out for the total abolition of vivisection, and, as means to compass that end, make injurious personal attacks, and placard the walls with horrible representations of animals fastened down and tortured, without one word as to the narcotics which, in ordinary cases, prevent their suffering, or as to the good purposes for which it is endured? If the societies which are opposed to the employment of painful experiments upon animals, desisting from a mischievous agitation which appeals principally to those who have no opportunity of forming a sound judgment, would set themselves the humbler and more troublesome task of watching against all violation, evasion, and misapplication of the Act of 1876 in this country, and of obtaining similar enactments for the protection of animals abroad, they might do good service, and justify their own existence; but the course they are at present adopting, will, if it fails, entail a

miserable waste of nobly aimed efforts and aspirations on the one side, or, if it succeeds, produce nothing but bitterness, contempt, and defiance, on the other.

GEORGE GREENWOOD.

NOTE.—Since the above was put in type, fresh returns have been laid before Parliament of the certificates granted for the performance of painful experiments upon animals. Those returns show that there has been some, though not an excessive, increase in the number of such experiments; but as this does not affect the argument of the article, there is no need to discuss them particularly. It is alleged by those who are working for the total abolition of vivisection that these returns are inadequate and unreliable, and do not give any real idea of the amount of misery that is actually being inflicted on animals in the name of scientific research. If they can supply sufficient proof of this, I feel sure that they will gain plenty of support in their demand for fuller and more accurate returns, and for a more faithful carrying out of the intentions of the Act generally. On the other hand, the ardent opponents of legislative restriction assert that the most promising students of physiology are driven away to foreign schools on account of the formalities by which they find their investigations hampered in this country. Even if this be so, it should be remembered that humanity, like every other virtue, must sometimes involve a sacrifice, and that it is not of much value unless it is willing to make it. Probably, however, the two allegations may be held to countervail one another, and may be taken to indicate that the Act of 1876 has neither failed of its object, nor yet stifled physiological research.—G. G.

PARTY GOVERNMENT.

AN article by the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, in the August number of the *Nineteenth Century*, deals with the union of the Liberal party. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the paper chiefly shows how hopelessly, from his point of view, the party is disunited, and how few are the bonds of union by means of which it may be drawn together again. The object of this paper is not so much to oppose Mr. Rogers's conclusions, as to show that the state of things which he describes must tend to condemn party government in the minds of most reasonable people, and that, unless some change for the better in its condition takes place, its days must soon draw to a close. The latter half of this position can only, of course, be maintained by inference. We cannot *prove* that government by party will cease. What we can do is to sketch, with the help of Mr. Rogers, the state to which the management of national affairs is at present reduced, and leave people to ask themselves, if, under these conditions, useful and healthy legislation of any kind is possible.

The only rallying point which Mr. Rogers can at present discover for the Liberal party is the casting out of the Conservatives from power. That doubtless is a position which, from the mere party point of view, cannot be disputed. But then, Mr. Rogers is quite wise enough to see that it is not sufficient. What is the new Liberal government, which is to displace the present administration, going to do? Party men, he feels, will ask that question. Each section will demand the application of its own nostrum, the carrying out of its own particular views. But this is what Mr. Rogers deprecates. He knows well enough that the Permissive Bill

will not rouse the country, and that a demand for Female Suffrage will not do so. He even fears that the disestablishment of the Church of England may be a cry shouted into deaf or unwilling ears. As to this last, he has no doubt himself that it is the most important of public reforms. Although, according to him, "our foreign politics are in such a tangle that the first attention of a Liberal ministry must be given to them," he doubts whether any ministry which neglects the question of disestablishment will not lose the opportunity of dealing with foreign policy. However, he has come at last to confess that only a minority clamours for disestablishment, and that upon its back as a stalking-horse the Liberal party will not ride to victory. What, then, is to be done? There must be some expression of opinion. Well, then, let that be indicated by "three well-known words of the old Liberal formulæ—Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform." These, by his explanation of them, Mr. Rogers shows to be vague enough to commit nobody, and yet wide enough to include the political convictions of every specialist. "Peace" will signify the management and rearrangement generally of our foreign politics, including all those dreary questions of frontiers and principalities upon which the bores of the House of Commons delight to enlarge. Under the head of "Retrenchment" we shall understand that economy and wise expenditure which is supposed to be the prerogative of Liberal governments, but which many outsiders do not perceive to have been more unquestionably practised, irrespective of times and circumstances, by Mr. Gladstone than by Lord Beaconsfield:—"Reform," of course, signifies the Burial Question

and Disestablishment—also a thorough revision of the Land Laws. It may be even possible under this head to deal with the Liquor Traffic, and Female Suffrage, and Co-operative Stores. In fact, stick to your text, but don't attempt at present to break it up into detail, and then surely there is a platform broad enough and strong enough for the whole party to unite upon. So, at least, thinks Mr. Rogers.

But alas! detail is just what is wanted. It all depends upon what you mean by things. If one could read the times by the aid of Mr. Rogers's spectacles, no doubt one could understand "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," in the sense meant by that gentleman. But then, what strikes a good many non-politicians is, that it is never clearly made out that Mr. Gladstone and his friends, had they been in power for the last six years, would have managed on the whole better than Lord Beaconsfield, or that had they acted differently they would have satisfied the majority of their countrymen. However stale the argument may be, however much like a servile imitation of the *Times* newspaper it may seem to Mr. Rogers, the majorities of the House of Commons must count for something. Even the elections, which Mr. Rogers indeed makes out to tell a different story, go to swell the same chorus. What the Conservatives have lost in one place they have gained in another. Nothing that has taken place seems to have altered the fact that, on the whole, the country has approved the policy of Lord Beaconsfield's administration. And this Mr. Rogers and Mr. Gladstone himself appear to be sensible of. Else why are so many pages of their respective papers in this August number of the *Nineteenth Century* devoted to calling in question the morality and the honesty of particular statesmen? There is no point in showing up the iniquity of individuals whose righteousness no one believes in. The abuse of the present administration is due either to

the fact that the country trusts it, or to the fact that temper has got the better of its opponents.

It is true that we have got accustomed to these kind of attacks, and ministers of state do not seem to mind them much; but when one comes to analyse them they are curious enough. Mr. Rogers, for example, talks of "the immoral statesmanship which has marked our proceedings in South Africa." That, if it means anything, means that Sir Michael Hicks Beach is an immoral person—that Sir Bartle Frere is probably worse. But then one asks, Why are we to believe this on the authority of Mr. Rogers, or indeed of any hostile Liberal? Are not enthusiastic Conservatives wont to describe Mr. Gladstone as a traitor to his Church and country? Liberals laugh, and ask if that is all they have to say? One wonders if the *tu quoque* they retort upon themselves never strikes them. Sensible people no more believe in the dishonesty of Mr. Gladstone than they admit his descent from a Bulgarian peasant; but it does not therefore follow that they agree with him in all his opinions. And in the same way many persons may doubt the wisdom of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, or deny the unerring accuracy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and may yet decline to describe the one as a bully, with Mr. Rogers, or the other as double-tongued, with Mr. Bright. Of course we are told that these offensive epithets must be taken with qualifications—that they break no bones, that they enliven parliamentary proceedings, and so forth. Exactly; in other words, they mean nothing, and are useless as weapons of political controversy. If this is so—if we cannot help feeling that Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues will not be displaced from power an hour sooner through the invective of Mr. Gladstone, or the rhetoric of Mr. Rogers, it seems a pity so many words are spent to so little purpose. If we want an example of how a personal vindication may be

stated, and so, by implication, an indictment against the Government be framed, without condescending to insinuations or abuse, one may be found in this same number of the *Nineteenth Century*, in an article upon "South African Policy," by Lord Blatchford.

The object of political articles like this one of Mr. Rogers's seems to be to show that there is more in a name than either Shakespeare or any one else appears to have considered. Let a member of Parliament call himself Conservative, and he is of course, in the mouth of Mr. Rogers's friends, by very virtue of the title, "obscure," "insolent," "double-tongued," "incapable," "a lover of class interests," and so forth. Let him call himself Liberal, and it follows as the night the day, that he is "fearless," "intrepid," "far-seeing," "distinguished," and "of singular honesty." In nothing is this state of feeling more conspicuous than in the judgment which has been passed by many members of the Opposition on Lord Derby. As long as he was a member of Lord Beaconsfield's administration, he was a "cold-blooded, phlegmatic individual," moved by nothing, and incapable of action. The moment he resigned his position in the Cabinet, even though he did so on the plea of adherence to views which he had always maintained—the views which deputations had waited upon him for the express purpose of inducing him to alter—he becomes "the most distinguished member of Lord Beaconsfield's Government." Of course no one believes, not even, we imagine, Mr. Rogers himself, that Lord Derby need be the less a Conservative because he has at present declined to act with Lord Beaconsfield, any more than one believes that the leopard changes his spots when he exchanges his native haunts for a cage in the Zoological Gardens. Lord Derby does not necessarily add to his honesty by quitting the Government, nor does his brother Colonel Stanley subtract from his by becoming a member of it. Who need

care, except perhaps Mr. Rogers and his friends, whether a politician calls himself a Tory or a Radico-Liberal-Conservative? What one must care for is the kind of work he does. If a member of the House of Commons is honest, straightforward, attentive to his work, sensible, and able, there is little doubt that his constituency, if left to itself, will be willing to return him to Parliament, as long as he is inclined to represent them, irrespective of his being Conservative or Liberal. Men are beginning to care less for parties and more for personal character and ability than they used to do. Does any one seriously believe that if Sir Stafford Northcote were to contest the borough of Southwark against Mr. Rabbits, the latter would gain the day simply because he happens to be a Liberal—is it to be imagined that the ability of the Chancellor of the Exchequer would go for nothing? In the same way, is it to be supposed that in the contest in which Lord Hartington, it seems, is about to engage in Lancashire, the mere fact of his calling himself a Liberal is to tell against him? We quite believe that if he adopts the mode of warfare at present in favour with his party, he will run considerable risk of being sent about his business. But we feel no less assured that if he states his political convictions calmly and rationally, without exaggeration, or shrieking at opponents, he will stand a still better chance of being elected, and by many persons in some points widely disagreeing with him. If this seems a strange doctrine, we must remember that, other things being equal, honesty and much ability is to be preferred to honesty and less ability. Men, as far as politics are concerned, are beginning to look each other in the face much more than they did, and perhaps nothing has so much contributed towards this end as Mr. Gladstone's rhetorical efforts of the last three years. People have asked themselves the question which he is always putting before them—whether the Government is as

dishonest and incapable as he represents it to be? And the answer is, we doubt not, in the vast majority of cases, that, with all respect to his immense and unquestionable ability, oratory, enthusiasm, and his undoubted honesty, individual members of the Cabinet are just as truthful, just as honest, and, for all practical purposes, just as able as he. What we are getting convinced of is, that right government is the monopoly neither of Conservatives nor Liberals, but belongs to those who have the wit to see and the wisdom to carry out what is for the advantage of the country, irrespective of the parties to which they may state themselves to belong. Lord Beaconsfield has been sneered at for passing the last Reform Act, but surely, when we consider that he himself always predicted of the class he then enfranchised that it would return Conservative members to Parliament, and that as a matter of fact it has done so, he was perfectly consistent. On the other hand, a good many persons have thought that, from his own point of view, Mr. Gladstone was absolutely inconsistent in not establishing and endowing the Roman Catholic majority in Ireland, after he had disestablished and disendowed the Protestant minority. We bring no charges of consistency or inconsistency one way or the other; all we wish to show is that differences of opinion now make poor political capital. What people ask for in the present day is legislation, and if that is effective, they are indifferent to the names by which the statesmen who have created it are known in the House of Commons. And what is the difference—the appreciable difference—between many political opponents? How is one to distinguish between Mr. Forster and Mr. Cross, or between Lord Hartington and Sir Stafford Northcote? Why is it that they should not, and could not work together? No doubt there may be differences of opinion between them. But it is to be supposed that the differences which appear so prominent

in Parliament are very often due, more than anything else, to a kind of rule that anything proposed on one side of the House must necessarily receive hostile criticism from the other. One remarkable instance of this may be seen in last year's debate in the House of Lords upon the moving of the Indian troops to Malta. According to the Lord Chancellor the Bill of Rights was drawn with a special view to making such acts allowable. The case, as he stated it, seemed as clear as daylight. Lord Selborne, on the other hand, made it equally plain that every clause in the Bill had been wilfully and distinctly violated. The inference was irresistible that the side of the House on which these legal luminaries respectively sat determined their opinion of the matter. It was the statement of the case for and against the point in question. On many great questions of policy we believe the moderate and reasonable Cabinet ministers on both sides of the House are in their heart of hearts substantially agreed. No one can suppose that Lord Granville and Lord Hartington have the honour of England at heart any less than Lord Beaconsfield and Sir Stafford Northcote; neither can any one believe that the two latter are more insensible to the claims of Bulgaria, Montenegro and Greece, or more indifferent to cruelty and bad government, than the two former. The Liberal Cabinet is not in the secrets of the Conservative one; but if it were, and could forget its label, we believe it would almost altogether approve of and sympathise with the action of its rival. Doubtless there are members of Parliament who are perfectly irreconcilable. No one supposes that Mr. Chamberlain or Sir Wilfrid Lawson could work with Mr. Cross or Sir Stafford Northcote, but then neither can they, it appears, work any the more with Lord Hartington or Mr. Forster. It has been clearly shown by recent debates that Mr. Chamberlain will recognise nobody as *his* leader. He

must be the teacher: and he will act with nobody who is not prepared to go for the whole length and breadth of what he demands. Thus it is probable that he would not work long under Lord Hartington, unless some disestablishment or Gothenburg crotchet were brought forward. And the ground lies much the same between the Conservatives and Sir Robert Peel, or Mr. Newdegate. But if there were a great union of both parties the irreconcilables might be left out of calculation. They might be left to learn wisdom, or left to themselves. Such measures as they have set their hearts on might be passed in course of time; but then it would be evident that they had become law, not at the dictation of Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Rylands, but because they were esteemed beneficial to the country, and because the Government saw that the time for taking action had arrived. It is not to be imagined that for the present any Cabinet will be formed pledged to the accomplishment of Disestablishment, or the Permissive Bill, or to any of those measures which Mr. Rogers and his friends describe as great and important. If their support can only be given to a Government undertaking such legislation, it is to be feared that they will have to wait some time for a suitable object for their affections. The truth is, as we have implied above, many Englishmen are a great deal more Liberal, and, at the same time, more Conservative, than they used to be. We admit more than one side to a question. We have a kind of liking in hearing the views of opponents. We can have respect and friendship for those who differ from us. These are eclectic days, and men are prone to admire talent and to recognise good wherever they see it. Also a love and veneration for institutions has increased in some quarters and become more reasonable in others. The increase of knowledge has told us more about them, and the diffusing of "sweetness and light" has led us to

question the proposition that what is old is always incapable of improvement and fit only to be destroyed. And so we gradually grow weary of mere political bickering. To hear, as was said at a recent Liberal meeting at Chester, that there is nothing at all to object to in a particular member of Parliament except that he is a Conservative—to hear the arrangements which are made for the "dishing of the Whigs" by the Tories, or for the ousting of the Tories by the Whigs, seems to many of us only to indicate the state of political dirt in which a large number of our fellow-countrymen are content to wallow. It is impossible to help seeing that any advantage that might once have existed in party warfare has been more than imperilled through the agitation of one of the most eminent of living Englishmen during the last three years. Even his own followers are now ready to confess, that while he may be the ornament of the Liberal party, he is in another sense its bane. He has at any rate done his best to show Party Government to be impossible. And surely the same lesson is taught by the last session or two of Parliament. Time has been occupied not in legislation but in recrimination, and the function of Parliament seems to be to give political opponents opportunities for abusing each other. The last session of Parliament has been to a great extent wasted. And while the Liberals say that it is the conduct of the Government which has consumed in speech-making the time which should have been occupied in business, we may fairly reply, that the dead-lock at which legislation has arrived is quite as much owing to the factious opposition which has been displayed by many of Mr. Gladstone's followers. Opposition is factious when under every possible pretext it is renewed with regard to matters which have been, as one would have thought, finally decided by the votes of the House of Commons. Hours have been spent in answering questions framed for the

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express purpose, it would appear, of harassing, or—a practice which, from his recent speech at Chester, many may imagine Mr. Gladstone himself to approve—of wasting the time of ministers who have to reply to them. Obstruction to Government measures has been raised upon the most trumpety issues, such, for example, as the flogging clauses of the Army Bill.

It is plain that unless legislative progress can be made Parliament may just as well never meet. Perhaps from one point of view its proceedings are not devoid of interest. Sir Wilfrid Lawson can be amusing on occasions, and there is some curiosity in observing the pranks of Mr. Edward Jenkins, or of the Home Rulers. But Parliament exists for other pur-

poses than to give the member for Carlisle an opportunity of elaborating jokes, or to enable Mr. Jenkins to assume the rôle of *enfant terrible*. It has serious work to do, and at present, to all intents and purposes, it does not do it. The House of Commons at present only registers the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, nor, in our opinion, will it be able to do more until another party arises which knows neither Gladstone nor Disraeli for merely party purposes. The leader is a matter of indifference compared with the necessity of its being a body prepared to maintain the supremacy of conscience and the welfare of the nation over the dictates of self-seeking and party triumph.

A. T. DAVIDSON.

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